OCTOBER 28, 1980

STRIPES

(Working Title)

Revised Final Script

Screenplay by
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and Harold Ramis
Based on a story by
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FADE IN:

1 A TV SCREEN 1

An Army recruitment ad plays with no sound as the CREDITS begin. The Camera PULLS BACK to show that the TV is in the window of an appliance store on a busy downtown street. A Yellow Cab is parked at the curb.

2 EXT. THE CAB - DAY 2

Leaning against the cab is the driver, ROY WINGER, a rough and ready college dropout in his mid-twenties. He drinks coffee from a paper cup as he watches the Army ad and waits for a fare.

TWO TEENAGERS walk up, get into the cab and call for Roy to hurry. He checks them out with a disdainful look, gets in and drives off.

3 EXT. A CONGESTED STREET - DAY 3

Roy sits in traffic, unable to go forward or change lanes. Some idiot in a car behind him is honking incessantly. Roy rubs his eyes with weary resignation.

4 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - LATER - DAY 4

The cab pulls up in front of a nice high-rise on a block of high-rent apartment buildings.

5 INT. THE CAB - DAY 5

Roy flips the flag on the taxi meter and turns around to collect the fare.

6 THE BACK SEAT - ROY'S POV 6

The doors are open and the teenagers are gone.

7 EXT. THE CAB - DAY 7

Roy jumps out just in time to see the TWO TEENAGERS springing down the street, already too far away to consider chasing them. In a rage, Roy whirls around

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED 7

and pounds his fist onto the roof of the cab with incredible force.

ROY
(screams)
Shit!

At that instant, he looks up and finds himself face to face with a stuffy DOWAGER in matching mink hat and stole. She is aghast.

ROY
(smiles)
Taxi?

END CREDITS.

8 INT. LANGUAGE SCHOOL - DAY 8

A classroom is full of assorted adult Immigrants sitting in rows, chatting with each other in a variety of languages. The door opens and the instructor enters. It is HAROLD ZISKEY, a gawky, energetic young man in a very baggy three-piece suit. He too is in his mid-twenties but his innocence makes him seem younger. He faces the group of students with a big smile and holds up a small printed sign which reads: "Basic English."

HAROLD
(a little nervous)
Good morning. This is Basic English. My name is Mr. Ziskey and I'll be your instructor for the next five weeks, so I want you to call me Harold and I'll call you by your first names, because frankly, I'd have a pretty hard time pronouncing some of your last names.
(he chuckles but gets no response from the class)
I'm going to keep my opening remarks brief because I know you want to jump right in and start speaking English but this is my first day as an English instructor so there are just a couple of things I need to know first.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED 8

HAROLD (CONT'D)
How many of you would say you speak English fairly well but with some difficulty?
(no one raises a hand)
All right, then, how many speak some English but not very well?
(no hands)
A little English?
(no one responds and Harold starts to get the point)
No English at all whatsoever?

The students look at each other confused.

Harold sighs deeply and enunciates clearly, raising one hand in an exaggerated wave.

HAROLD
(continuing)
Hel-lo.

The class beams and answers in unison.

CLASS
Hel-lo.

HAROLD
Good, great. Okay
(speaking slowly)
Now, anybody here speak any In-ga-lish?

A small ROUND MAN at the front suddenly catches on and puts his hand up.

HAROLD
(continuing; excited to finally get a response)
Yes? You speak English?

MAN
(proudly)
Fart off, you cheese-dip.

The rest of the class joins in.

CLASS
(in unison)
Fart off, you cheese-dip.

Harold looks on helplessly.

9 EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - DAY 9

Roy's cab waits in heavy traffic to get onto an expressway.

10 INT. THE CAB 10

The Dowager is haranguing Roy in a pushy, grating tone.

DOWAGER
I know exactly what this ride should cost, young man, so don't think you're fooling me with any short-cuts.

ROY
This is the fastest way, ma'am.

11 EXT. THE FREEWAY 11

He pulls out fast onto the expressway shooting through a gap in traffic.

DOWAGER (V.O.)
Must you drive so fast?

12 INT. THE CAB 12

Roy looks around at the woman. He looks a little crazy.

ROY
Yes. I think it's my duty as a cab driver to speed like a maniac at all times.

13 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 13

Roy cuts across two lanes and makes it into the fast lane where he is able to cruise along at a decent speed.

14 INT. THE CAB 14

The Dowager is rummaging through her purse for a pen and note pad.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED 14

DOWAGER
(huffy)
Well, I'm just going to take down your name and number and report you to your superiors. What do you think of that?

ROY
(hitting the brakes, really crazed now)
I'll tell you what, lady! Don't bother to take the number. Just bring 'em the whole goddamn cab, okay?!

He screeches to a stop and gets out.

15 EXT. THE FREEWAY - DAY 15

Traffic is already backing up in all four lanes behind Roy's stalled cab. Angry drivers HONK and YELL as Roy walks over a stopped car and starts to climb the embankment. The Dowager gets out and looks around for help.

A MOTORIST
(shouting)
Move that cab, fat ass!

DOWAGER
Up yours, buddy!

16 INT. HAROLD'S CLASSROOM - DAY 16

Harold, standing at the front, looks at his watch.

HAROLD
Okay. Let's try it one more time and we'll call it a day.
(starting to sing)
I met her on Monday and my heart stood still.

CLASS
(shouting loudly)
Da doo run run run
Da doo run run.

HAROLD
(singing)
Somebody told me that her name was Jill...

16 CONTINUED 16.

CLASS
(shouting)
Da doo run run run
Da doo run run.

CUT TO:

17 THE HALLWAY - OUTSIDE CLASSROOM 17

A STODGY ADMINISTRATOR carrying a clipboard stops outside Harold's classroom door and listens to the singing. He is not pleased.

18 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON 18

Roy is crossing the street carrying a pizza and a freshly dry-cleaned, white dress on a hanger in a plastic cleaning bag. Suddenly he spots two MEN breaking into his spiffy '79 Camero. Roy drops the dress and the pizza box and starts running toward them.

ROY
Hey! Stop that! That's my car!
Help! Stop!

Before Roy can reach them, the men have started the car and are driving toward him.

MAN IN CAR
(shouting out window)
Instant Finance. You're late on your payments, pal. Here's the warrant. *

He throws an envelope at Roy as the car passes, driving over the pizza box and cleaning bag lying in the street.

19 INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - DAY 19

This top-floor apartment is like a funky artist's studio with a skylight and high ceiling. It is furnished in "thrift-shop modern" style. Amidst the general disorder lie conga drums, maracas, a guitar and a basketball.

Roy enters, slamming the door. ANITA, his girl friend, calls out from another room.

ANITA (V.O.)
Roy?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED 19

ROY
It's me.

He falls onto the couch.

ANITA (V.O.)
Did you get my dress from the cleaners?

Roy holds up the mashed, tire-tracked ball of dry-cleaning.

ROY
Yeah, I got it.

Anita enters from the bedroom wearing only panties and a towel wrapped around her wet hair.

ANITA
You're early aren't you?

She stops dead when she sees the ruined dress.

ROY
Hi, babe.

She crosses to him and takes the dress. She looks like she could cry.

ROY
(continuing meekly)
I got you a pizza, too.

He holds up the mashed pizza box. Anita bursts into tears and walks back into the bedroom. Roy gets up and goes to the bedroom door.

20 INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME 20

Anita is getting dressed, grimly ignoring Roy.

ROY
I had a real rough day, babe.

ANITA
(pulling on a knee sock)
You deserve it.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED 20

ROY
They repossessed my car.

ANITA
It's your own fault.

ROY
I quit my job.

Anita stops and looks hard at Roy.

ANITA
I can't take it any more, Roy.

ROY
I know, I know. And I'm going to change. I promise.

ANITA
That's what you said last week.

ROY
How much can a guy change in a week?

ANITA
(putting on her skirt)
It hasn't been a week. It's been six months and nothing's changed. You sleep 'til noon, you watch 'Rocky and Bullwinkle', you drive your cab for a couple of hours, you order Chinese, you play those stupid Tito Puente albums until two in the morning --

ROY
Tito Puente is great --

ANITA
(looking around for her other knee sock)
...You watch movies 'til dawn then you come to bed...

ROY
(sitting down on bed)
You don't think that takes energy?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED 20

ROY (CONT'D)
There's only so much living you can pack into one day.

She finds her other knee sock and raises her perfectly formed bare leg onto the bed in front of his face. Roy, wide-eyed, follows the knee sock as she pulls it up.

ANITA
It's not funny, Roy. You're going nowhere and it's not that cute anymore.

Roy playfully lunges at Anita just as she moves OUT OF FRAME. Missing her, he falls onto the floor.

ROY
(looking up)
I'm part of a lost and restless generation.

Anita walks towards the bedroom door.

ROY
(continuing)
Anita -- I need you.

ANITA
(turning to him)
You're a nice guy, and you're good in bed and everything, but life is more than just sex, TV and pizza. I need to find someone who'll help me develop, who'll grow <u>with</u> me. Goodbye, Roy.

She walks out of the room.

ROY
(shouting after her)
Then go. I'll do without sex.

The apartment DOOR SLAMS as Anita leaves.

ROY
(continuing; getting up)
No I won't. What am I saying?

There is a KNOCK at the DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED 20

ROY
(continuing; shouting)
You'd better be on your knees!

He opens the door to find MR. BISKO, his landlord, staring down at him. Bisko is big, tough and totally without humor.

BISKO
Where's the rent, Winger?

ROY
Where's the hot water, Mr. Bisko?

BISKO
You got water, so don't bullshit me. You owe me two months.

ROY
Did you ever hear of a rent strike? I put that money in escrow at the bank until I get some action over here on the plumbing.

BISKO
You're evicted, Winger.

ROY
Hah! You'll need a court order for that, my friend.

BISKO
I've already been to court. You got one day, Winger. You're not out, the cops come and throw you out. Okay?

He leaves.

ROY
(shouting down)
You'll be hearing from my attorneys, Bisko!

He slams the door shut. Frustrated, Roy grabs a basketball and starts shooting baskets at a backboard mounted on the wall. There is another KNOCK at the DOOR.

ROY
(continuing; shouting)
Go away!

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED 20

The door opens and Harold enters carrying his suitcase.

HAROLD
Hi. What's the matter with you?

ROY
Nothing.

He takes a savage hook shot that misses the backboard completely and smashes right through a window.

HAROLD
(going to the fridge)
Nice shot.
(opens it and looks)
Can I take your last beer?

ROY
Why not. Everything else I had is gone.

(He goes to the broken window and looks down to the street for his basketball.)

ROY (CONT'D)
(to someone on the street)
Hey! Ball up!

HAROLD
Like what?

ROY
Like what? Like I quit my job, my car got repossessed, Anita just left me for good and Bisko evicted me. I have one day to get out of here.

HAROLD
(considers for a moment)
You still have your health.

Roy turns away from him and shouts at another passerby.

ROY
Hey! You! Ball up!

He leans out the window and holds out his hands to catch the ball, but it smashes back through the window next to him.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED 20

ROY
(to the passerby)
Thanks a lot, idiot!

HAROLD
I got fired today myself.

ROY
I didn't even know you had a job.

HAROLD
(turning on the TV set)
I conned my way into a language school job. I told them I was fluent in Chinese, Italian, Greek and Mexican -- all the ones with restaurants. But it didn't work out. I think I need something less structured.

ROY
Yeah, like begging.
(preoccupied)
Listen, I'm gonna have to stay at your place for a while, I guess.

HAROLD
Not possible. My roommate just kicked me out. He said the place was a little too small for two people.

ROY
It's a three-bedroom apartment!

HAROLD
What can I tell you? The guy's an asshole.
(he follows Roy into the bedroom)
We could try the Hare Krishna Temple again. That was sort of peaceful, wasn't it?

ROY
Forget it. It took six months for my hair to grow back. I looked like Ghandi.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED 20

Roy pulls the sheet off the bed and tosses it to Harold, who takes it back to the living room and spreads it on the floor.

HAROLD
Well, they gave us all the brown rice we could eat, didn't they?

Roy comes out of the bedroom carrying a drawer full of clothes and dumps it onto the sheet.

ROY
Harold, I don't want you to take this personally, but when we started hanging around together I had no idea it would lead to this kind of squalor and deprivation.

Harold walks into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

21 INT. KITCHEN 21

Harold finishes his beer and takes the can over to the sink.

HAROLD
(looking at pile of dirty dishes)
You want to take these dishes?

ROY (O.S.)
Have they been washed?

HAROLD
No.

ROY (O.S.)
Fuck 'em.

22 22

23 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 23

Roy is putting his Tito Puente records into the pile as Harold comes back over and sees the fuzzy TV picture. Trying to fix it, Harold pounds the side of the set, accidentally putting his fist right through the chassis. The picture gets better.

CUT TO:

24 THE TV SCREEN 24

An Army recruiting ad plays, showing various career and travel opportunities and listing other advantages to military service.

25 BACK TO SCENE 25

Harold stares intently at the ad.

HAROLD
Hey, Roy! This looks great.

ROY
(still packing)
What looks great?

Roy goes into a closet.

HAROLD
The Army! Have you seen these commercials?

Roy emerges, arms full of sporting equipment.

ROY
Take it easy, Harold. I think you're getting a little desperate.

HAROLD
Desperate? No I'm not. We could go to Europe.

ROY
Harold, it's not like a paid vacation. This is the army we're talking about. They'll turn you into a human killing machine. *

HAROLD
C'mon, it's peace-time. You don't kill people...Well, maybe a few people...Look, we could join up together.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED 25

ROY
(going into bathroom)
We? What do you mean 'we'? There's no possible way I'm joining the army.

HAROLD
Why not?

ROY (O.S.)
Deep religious convictions.

HAROLD
Deep religious convictions?

ROY
(emerging from bathroom loaded down with skin magazines)
Yeah. Jesus didn't join. Moses didn't join. God didn't join. Muhammad Ali didn't join. And I'm not gonna join.

HAROLD
Listen, I saw the kind of guys that go into the army when I worked at the welfare office that one day. They're just like us only not as sharp. We'd be sergeants or corporals in no time. Then all we'd have to do is sit around, do dick, watch girls, get paid, salute the flag, and y'know order people around. Besides, you can't get fired.

Roy grabs the corners of the sheet and lifts. The sheet rips, leaving Roy's pile of junk on the floor. Roy looks at the pile as we --

CUT TO:

26 EXT. ARMY RECRUITING OFFICE - DAY 26

Harold drives his rusting '63 Impala up to the curb, next to the Army Recruiting Office. As the car stops, the muffler falls off, and smoke starts to rise from out of the hood. He and Roy get out and slam the doors shut.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED 26

ROY
Remember, if I get killed, my blood will be on your hands.

HAROLD
Okay, just try to keep it off my shoes.

A local STORE OWNER comes out waving his hands.

STORE OWNER
Hey! This is a loading zone. You can't park here.

ROY
(to Store Owner)
We're not parking it. We're abandoning it.

He follows Harold inside.

CUT TO:

27 INT. RECRUITER'S OFFICE - DAY 27

This small cubicle is literally filled with trophies, medals and pictures of the recruiter winning various athletic competitions. Roy and Harold are listening as the muscular black RECRUITER winds up his pitch.

RECRUITER
...I'm not sayin' the army can do for you what it did for me. All I'm sayin' is you get out of it what you put into it. Sometimes the army is your best shot. Understand?

Harold nods. Roy looks bored.

RECRUITER
(continuing)
Now there's a couple of personal questions I gotta ask you. One -- ever been convicted of any felonies or misdemeanors...y'know, robbery, rape, car theft...?

ROY
Convicted? No.

HAROLD
No.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED 27

RECRUITER
(marking paper)
Good. Either of you guys homosexuals?

ROY
Do we look like homosexuals?

RECRUITER
It's just a routine question.

HAROLD
We're not homosexuals.

ROY
But we're willing to learn.

RECRUITER
(ignoring the joke)
Okay, now it's just a question of passing the aptitude test. You do that -- you're in.

ROY
Test?

HAROLD
(to Roy)
Don't worry. They make it so you have to be an idiot to fail.

CUT TO:

28 EXAM ROOM - RECRUITING OFFICE 28

The CAMERA PANS ACROSS the faces of a row of young men, busily working away at the exam. At the end of the row sit Roy and Harold. They look like they're having some difficulty. Turning in his chair Roy checks an answer on the page of the guy next to him.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY 29

Three Greyhound buses stand off on their own at the end of the terminal. While nervous young recruits stand * around saying goodbye to parents and friends, M.P.'s stand at the bus doors examining recruits' enlistment papers, and helping them board.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. A BUS - DAY 30

Two young female M.P.'s are checking bus assignments for the recruits. They are STELLA and LOUISE, and they look attractive in their uniforms. The women are cheerful, efficient, and getting the job done.

CUT TO:

31 ROY AND HAROLD 31

They approach the door to the bus and hand their papers to Stella and Louise. Roy can't help staring at Stella as she scans his orders.

STELLA
(looking up)
What are you grinning at?

ROY
You look familiar. Didn't we meet in Viet Nam?

STELLA
(amused)
I don't think so.

ROY
No, really. I'm sure we did. I'm Roy. Remember? I was wounded and you drove me to the hospital and promised that if I didn't lose the leg you'd take me dancing.
(smiles and taps leg)
I didn't lose it.

STELLA
Too bad.

ROY
Don't tell me you don't remember. We were...

Stella puts her finger to her lips.

STELLA
(friendly)
See this band?
(indicates uniform)
M.P. stands for Military Police. My job is to see
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED 31

STELLA (CONT'D)
that army recruits get on this bus without getting lost. So why don't you just move along and save the comedy for later. Okay?

ROY
I suppose a date is out of the question?

Stella smiles and nods as Roy boards the bus.

LOUISE
(to Harold)
Do you have your papers?

HAROLD
(handing them over)
Yeah, here.

Louise checks the papers, then hands them back.

LOUISE
(smiling)
One way to Fort Arnold -- climb aboard, soldier.

HAROLD
I like the sound of that. Do you work at Fort Arnold?

LOUISE
(laughs)
That's right. I'm stationed there.

HAROLD
(moving toward other bus)
Well maybe we'll run into you down there.

LOUISE
(smiling more suggestively)
You never know.

Harold gets on the bus.

LOUISE
(to Stella)
What do you think?

STELLA
I hope we don't get into a war.

32 INT. THE BUS 32

Harold sits down next to Roy and they survey the other enlistees.

ROY
Looks like a field trip from a mental hospital

HAROLD
I bet they're okay once you get to know them.

33 ANOTHER SEAT 33

A skinny, wild-eyed recruit, PSYCHO, suddenly jumps up and screams at his seat-mate, HECTOR, a mild-mannered Mexican-American.

PSYCHO
(insane)
Get your hands off my radio! I don't want no one touching my radio!

Hector turns helplessly to ELMO, a stoned freak sitting across the aisle.

HECTOR
(accent)
I didn't touch nothing.

ELMO
(tokes nervously on a joint)
I can't stand this, man. When we gonna get there?

HECTOR
(confused)
We didn't left yet.

Suddenly, a huge recruit in a loud Hawaiian shirt bounds onto the bus singing. He is OX.

OX
(singing)
Daylight come and we wan' go home!
(looks around)
This the bus to Vegas? Ha-ha! Just kidding. Go Army!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED 33

OX (CONT'D)
(claps his hands and shouts out the bus door)
Driver! My bags!

He rollicks down the aisle slapping Roy hard on the back as he passes.

ROY
(to Harold)
As soon as we get guns, remind me to shoot that one.

34 EXT. FORT ARNOLD - LATER 34

The three buses roll through the main gate and wind their way around the base to the Reception Centre. A number of NCO's come out to meet the buses.

35 THE BUSES 35

The doors open and the recruits start filing off, gawking at everything they see. Immediately, the NCO's start barking orders at them. SERGEANT HULKA, a tough, wiry career soldier strides up and down among the confused recruits, his voice booming over all the commotion.

HULKA
Okay! Let's move it! Inside! Let's go, let's go, let's go!

The recruits start filing into the Reception Centre as an overbearing young officer, CAPTAIN DILLMAN comes up to Hulka, followed by an AIDE.

DILLMAN
Sergeant Hulka?

Hulka turns around and glares at Dillman, who nervously clears his throat, waiting for Hulka to salute him. Finally, Hulka salutes.

HULKA
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED 35

DILLMAN
(more confident)
As ease, Sergeant.
(Hulka couldn't be more at ease)
I'm Captain Dillman, the new Company Commander.

HULKA
Pleased to meet you, sir.

DILLMAN
Fine looking group of men, don't you think?

Just then Ox goes by, bellowing to no one in particular.

OX
This better be the mess hall!
(to Dillman)
How ya doin', Eisenhower?

Hulka just stares as Ox goes into the centre.

HULKA
(to Dillman)
Yes, sir. Good looking group.

DILLMAN
Yes, well - uh - just get them inside and uh - carry on, I guess. I'll be in my office if you need me.

HULKA
(saluting)
Yes, sir!

Dillman walks off, pretending to inspect the buses as he goes by, shouting arbitrary orders to his AIDE.

Hulka turns and goes into the reception centre.

36 INT. RECEPTION HALL - LATE AFTERNOON 36

Sergeant Hulka addresses the recruits from the stage.

HULKA
Men, welcome to the United States Army. I'm Drill Sergeant Hulka -- your drill sergeant. Before we go any further I want to get something straight.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED 36

HULKA (CONTD)
(staring down at them)
Your momma ain't here to take care of you now. It's just you, me and Uncle Sam. And as far as you're concerned, me and Uncle Sam are one and the same. So -- you do what I tell you to do.

CUT TO:

37 ROY AND HAROLD 37

ROY
(to Harold)
Warm guy.

CUT BACK TO:

38 HULKA 38

HULKA
Now make no mistakes. I don't care where you came from, I don't care what color you are, I don't care how smart you are, or how dumb you are -- I'm gonna teach every last one of you how to eat, sleep, walk, talk, shoot, shit, and think -- like United States soldiers. 'Cause that's what you're gonna be...Understand?!!!

The scared recruits nod silently. As he nods, Ox, clearly the largest man in the room, lets out an enormous fart. The other recruits break up laughing.

Psycho laughs the loudest, and can't stop.

HULKA
(continuing; glaring at Psycho)
You, boy. You got a problem?

PSYCHO
(still laughing)
No, sir...
(holding nose, points to Ox)
...but he does.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED 38

The other recruits laugh.

HULKA
(to Psycho)
Well I'm gonna give you a problem.
(to PFC in aisle)
Private, I don't think this man quite understands the army attitude. I want you to take him outside and watch him do fifty push-ups.

PSYCHO
What'd I do?

The burly PFC grabs Psycho and leads him toward the door. They pass Roy and Harold on the way out.

PSYCHO
(continuing)
I'm gonna kill that fucking sergeant.

ROY
That's the spirit.

39 INT. ARMY BARBERSHOP - EVENING 39

Roy, Harold and two other young men are sitting in barber chairs, while the rest of the recruits wait their turn.

One of the barbers comes over with an electric razor and shaves a trough down the middle of Roy's head.

The other recruits laugh, cheer and applaud as the hair hits the floor.

OX
(laughing)
Hey, this guy looks like the last of the Mohicans.

Roy gives him a dirty look. Elmo, the freak with shoulder length hair, backs toward the door, but two soldiers stop him.

40 INT. PROCESSING BUILDING 40

An OVERHEAD SHOT shows a long line of recruits winding their way through the disorienting maze of desks, cu-

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED 40

bicles and benches that make up the next stage of army processing.

41 INT. UNIFORM SUPPLY DEPOT 41

The line of fidgety recruits moves past a SOLDIER with a tape measure who rapidly takes their measurements.

SOLDIER
(shouting out)
Small...Large...Small...Large...

Another robot-like soldier slides army-issue clothing packets across a counter to the recruits. Beside him a THIRD SOLDIER hands out army-issue underwear.

THIRD SOLDIER
(to each recruit)
Jockey of boxer?

ROY
Do you have anything in a low rise bikini?

Further along, recruits pull off their trousers and line up to put their feet into measuring devices.

SOLDIER
(checking foot sizes)
Ten...Twelve...Nine and a half...
(looking up at Ox)
Sixteen...

CUT TO:

42 EXT. PROCESSING CENTRE - DAY 42

Finally, their processing completed, the tired and unenthusiastic group of recruits emerges from the Processing Centre. They are dragging their dufflebags, and look uncomfortable in their stiff new uniforms. Roy comes out, feeling his head to see if he has any hair left.

Sgt. Hulka is standing in the roadway, waiting for them.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED 42

HULKA
(to platoon)
Well now, that's better. At least you're starting to look like soldiers. Now get down here and line up -- Three rows at arm's length. And pick up those bags! Move it!

The platoon struggles to get in line.

HULKA
(moving past Roy)
Arm's length, peabrain. You know what an arm is?

Roy, too tired and pissed off to argue, gets into position. Harold falls in beside him, really pleased with his new uniform and equipment.

HAROLD
(to Roy)
So what do you think? Pretty good so far, huh?

Roy just gives him a dirty look.

HULKA
(to platoon)
Now the first thing we're going to learn is how to mark time. I'll start, and when you boys think you've figured it out, you just join in.
(demonstrating)
And left -- Left -- Left right left...

The disorganized recruits try to get in step with Hulka. Harold starts singing energetically to himself, really getting into the rhythm.

HAROLD
(singing)
There she was just a walking down
the street,
Singing Doo Wah Ditty Ditty Dum
Ditty Doo.
Snapping her fingers and a shuffling
her feet,
Singing...

Roy smiles and joins in.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED 42

ROY AND HAROLD
...Doo Wah Ditty Ditty Dum Ditty Doo.

The other recruits also start singing as they try to get in step.

HAROLD
She looked good.

PLATOON
-- Looked good.

HAROLD
She looked fine.

PLATOON
-- Looked fine...

CUT TO:

43 HULKA 43

He looks pleased with the platoon's growing spirit.

HULKA
(shouts)
Forward --

PLATOON
(singing)
...She looked good. She looked fine. And I nearly lost my mind...

HULKA
-- March!

The bedraggled platoon, not quite in step, marches off behind Sgt. Hulka, continuing to sing.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT 44

Roy and Harold's platoon are sitting on the floor at the foot of their bunks as one of the recruits completes his introduction of himself. He's CRUISER, a short, flat-headed recruit with two missing teeth and a nervous twitch.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED 44

CRUISER
My name's Howard Turkstra, I'm from Kansas City and I joined the Army 'cause my father and my brother were in the Army. Uh -- My hobbies are fast cars and fast women --
(the other recruits whistle and applaud)
which is why the guys in my car club call me -- "The Cruiser".

He sits down, smiling proudly.

CUT TO:

45 ROY 45

ROY
(to Harold)
They shoulda called him 'The Dork'.

CUT TO:

46 HULKA 46

HULKA
(pointing to Psycho)
Okay, Mr. Push-ups, your turn.

47 PSYCHO 47

He glares at Hulka and stands up.

PSYCHO
The name is Francis Collins, but everyone calls me Psycho.
(looking dangerously around)
Anyone calls me Francis, I'll kill them. And I don't like people touching my stuff, so just keep your meathooks off. I catch anyone in my stuff, I'll kill them. Also I don't want anybody touching me. Any of you homos touch me, I'll kill you.

He looks around, then sits down.

48 CLOSE ON HULKA 48

HULKA
Lighten up, Francis!
(Psycho glares at him)
You're all in this together. One of these men may save your life someday.

ROY
I wouldn't count on it.

HULKA
(to Ox)
Okay, you're next!

49 ANGLE 49

Ox stands up.

OX
My name is Dewey Oxberger, but just call me 'Ox'. I joined the army 'cause I was too fat to get into the Marines. Ha ha ha.
(to Hulka)
Just kidding, Sarge -- Nah, really I joined 'cause my mother was buggin' me about just hanging around the house all the time and not getting a job. Then when I smashed up her car, she said either pay for it or get out. No way I was gonna pay for it. That car was a piece of junk. So I came here.

He sits down.

HULKA
(shaking his head)
Next. Harold Ziskey.

Harold stands up.

HAROLD
You want to know why I enlisted?

HULKA
(sarcastic)
If it's not too personal.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED 49

HAROLD
Well...ever since I was a kid the United States was always first. We always had the biggest cars, the best basketball, we put the first man on the moon, and for sure we got the best rock and roll. But now this country's in trouble and it seems like everybody's just looking out for himself. Nobody's pulling together anymore. They're worried about their mortgage or their family or a job. They can't just drop everything to go off and serve their country. But fortunately for me, I lost my job, I got kicked out of my apartment and everything I own was either stolen or repossessed. So I'm the perfect person to join the Army and defend American ideals throughout the world. I would also like to have sexual relations with as many uniformed women as I can. Thank you.

He gets a rousing ovation from the platoon as he sits down.

HULKA
(to Roy)
Your turn, son. Last but not least, I hope.

ROY
(standing up)
My name is Roy Winger. Basically I'd have to say I got roped into joining by a friend because I can't think of a single good reason why I enlisted. The pay stinks, I look lousy in green and I'm not that interested in heavy artillery. But here I am anyway, in the Army, a victim of circumstance - fucked.
(he sits down)

HULKA
Sounds like you got a little morale problem, son.

ROY
Well there's no rule that says I have to like it, is there?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED

HULKA
No. In fact with that attitude I can personally guarantee that you are going to hate it.
(to everyone)
Now hit the sack! Reveille at 0500!

49A EXT. BARRACKS - NIGHT 49A

The door opens and Roy sneaks out wearing his civilian clothes. He makes sure the coast is clear then sprints across the road.

49B INT. BARRACKS

Harold wakes up in the top bunk and leans over the edge to talk to Roy.

HAROLD
Roy, I was --

He sees Roy's bunk is empty and tumbles to the floor.

49C EXT. A QUONSET HUT

Roy sneaks around a corner and starts to run for the fence. Suddenly, Harold comes sprinting out of the shadows in his underwear and tackles Roy.

HAROLD
(breathless)
Where are you going?

ROY
Get off me. I'm getting out of here, Harold. This is a <u>big</u> mistake.

HAROLD
How do you know? We didn't even start yet!

ROY
I'll tell you how I know. That Sergeant is an animal. I'm afraid of people with that much hair on their knuckles.

HAROLD
If you run away now you're in big trouble. I'm begging you, Roy. As your friend -- please -- give it a chance.

(CONTINUED)

49C CONTINUED

ROY
I gave it a chance. It's been a whole day already. My marriage didn't last this long.

HAROLD
They'll hunt you down, Roy. They use the FBI for deserters. It's a federal offense. Don't ruin your whole life over this. Please -- don't run.

ROY
(after a long beat)
Okay, you're right. I'll stay. But I'm gonna be the worst soldier they ever saw. I promise you, in a month they're gonna be begging me to quit.

HAROLD
(overjoyed)
Thanks, Roy!

He impulsively hugs Roy just as a jeep rounds a corner and shines a spotlight on them. They freeze.

THE JEEP

Stella and Louise, the two MP's, see Roy being hugged by Harold in his underwear.

HAROLD
(to the MP's)
This isn't what you think.

ROY
We're just good friends.

HAROLD
(starting to walk away)
We'll just go back to our barracks now.

ROY
(waves)
Night-night.

Stella looks at Louise.

LOUISE
What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

49C CONTINUED

STELLA
I think they're too weird to be gay.

Louise nods and drives off.

DISSOLVE TO

50 EXT. FORT ARNOLD - VERY EARLY MORNING 50

The sun rises over the army post as reveille is played over the loudspeakers.

CUT TO

51 A MONTAGE 51

Sgt. Hulka energetically leads Roy and Harold's platoon through an exhausting day of basic training which includes P.T. exercises, close order drill, chow, weapons training, and lots of double-timing from activity to activity. At no time does the platoon appear organized or even remotely competent. Roy is clearly the worst of a bad lot, always out of step, loafing through P.T., deliberately screwing up whenever possible.

52 EXT. MUDDY FIELD - LATE IN DAY 52

The CAMERA IS CLOSE ON the platoon's feet slogging through the mud.

HULKA
All right! Drop and give me ten!

The platoon drops exhaustedly and attempts to do push-ups.

HULKA
(continuing)
All right! Up and double-time -- hut -- hut -- hut...

The platoon struggles slowly out of the mud. Everyone is completely soaked and gasping for air.

From behind, a crack A-one platoon comes running along in perfect formation. As they run, their tall, well-built DRILL SERGEANT is running beside them and singing out lines which his men repeat energetically. This impeccable group runs and sings with poise and precision.

52 CONTINUED 52

A-1 DRILL SERGEANT
(singing)
Walkin' tall and lookin' good...

A-1 PLATOON
(singing back)
Walkin' tall and lookin' good...

DRILL SERGEANT
(singing)
We oughta be in Hollywood...

PLATOON
(singing back)
We oughta be in Hollywood...

CUT TO:

53 ROY 53

ROY
Who are these assholes?

The A-1 Drill Sergeant continues to call cadence as his platoon runs past.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT 54

The barracks door CREAKS open. Covered in mud, and too tired to speak, the wrecked recruits slowly crawl back to their bunks.

PSYCHO
I gotta sleep. I go nuts when I don't sleep.

As they flop down, Sgt. Hulka jogs in full of energy.

HULKA
(running in place)
Now get some rest, men. 'Cause in three and a half hours I'm going to wake you up for some <u>real</u> training.

As the other recruits groan, Psycho lies in bed, gnashing his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED 54

PSYCHO
(to himself)
Hulka, you are a dead man. Number one on the list. You have three and a half hours to live.

HULKA
(from the doorway)
Sleep tight, boys.

Hulka runs out, switching off the light behind him.

CUT IMMEDIATELY TO:

55 INT. BARRACKS - VERY EARLY MORNING 55

Hulka switches on the lights.

HULKA
Up and at 'em, gentlemen. We've got a full day ahead of us, and we're going to start it off with a five mile run.

ROY
I think I'm speaking for everyone here when I suggest that this run be put off until we're all a little more rested.

HULKA
(to Roy)
Tell you what, soldier. We'll make it a ten mile run. Any complaints? Good, now move it!

OX
Thanks a lot, Winger.

LEON
(to Roy)
Nice goin', asshole.

THE CAMERA PANS OVER to the barracks window. It is raining outside. Pouring.

WIPE TO:

56 EXT. FIELD - MORNING 56

As the early morning mist rises in the field, we see the platoon jogging along painfully, loaded down with combat gear.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED 56

OX (V.O.)
(gasping)
I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die. Are we almost there, Sarge?

HULKA (V.O.)
Yep. Just nine more miles to go, son.

56A EXT. BAYONET DRILL 56A

The recruits are charging at suspended dummies with fixed bayonets, sticking them once with a loud scream, and charging on. Roy runs at a dummy, sticks it once, sticks it again, slams it in the head with his rifle butt, kicks it in the crotch, and starts beating it up with his fists. Then he turns, sees Hulka glaring at him and raises his fist in triumph. Hulka frowns.

WIPE TO

57 EXT. TRAINING FIELD - MORNING 57

The dog-tired platoon, wearing full packs, jump feebly as Sgt. Hulka leads them in a calesthenic drill.

HULKA
(jumping smartly)
One - two - One - two. What's the matter, boys? Can't take the pace?

The men struggle along as the A-1 platoon comes jogging past in perfect formation, singing loudly.

CUT TO:

58 PSYCHO 58

PSYCHO
(watching A-1 platoon)
Official death list -- Hulka, number one. Those guys, number two.

WIPE TO:

59 EXT. GRENADE RANGE - DAY 59

The recruits are standing side by side as Sergeant Hulka faces them holding a grenade.

59 CONTINUED 59

HULKA
(he pulls it)
You just pull the pin, count to ten, and heave it.

(he throws the grenade and it explodes)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED 59

HULKA (CONTD)
That simple enough? Now who wants to go first?

Psycho and Cruiser eagerly put up their hands. Hulka tosses the grenade to Cruiser.

HULKA
(continuing; to Cruiser)
You first.

Cruiser steps forward, pulls the pin and holds the grenade in his right hand, as he starts counting on the fingers of his left hand.

CRUISER
(holding up fingers)
One... two... three... four... five...

Having run out of fingers, he sticks the grenade between his legs and continues counting on his right hand.

CRUISER
(continuing; holding up fingers)
...six ...seven...

The other recruits dive for cover as Hulka runs up from behind and kicks Cruiser hard in the ass, sending the grenade flying out onto the range, where it EXPLODES.

WIPE TO:

60 EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY 60

With the precision of an olympic gymnastics team, the A-1 platoon moves full speed through the various obstacles in this challenging course.

CUT TO:

61 A JEEP 61

Captain Dillman and his Corporal sit watching the crack platoon.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED 61

DILLMAN
Damned fine men.
(to Corporal)
Are they in my company?

CORPORAL
No, sir.
(pointing)
Those are your men, sir.

The CAMERA PANS OVER to show Roy and Harold's platoon struggling spasmodically to get over the first wooden barrier.

WIPE TO:

62 EXT. RIFLE RANGE - DAY 62

As the CAMERA PANS ACROSS their eager faces, Roy and Harold's platoon are lying on their bellies aiming their M-16 rifles at paper targets.

RANGE INSTRUCTOR
(over P.A. in tower)
Commence fire!

Harold takes cautious single shots. Roy grits his teeth and FIRES a long intense burst. Psycho, grinning as he shoots, notices a bird flying overhead and jumping up, he OPENS FIRE on the bird.

RANGE INSTRUCTOR
(continuing; over P.A.)
Cease fire!

Everyone stops, except for Psycho, who continues SHOOTING as the bird flies over the tower. The people in the tower dive for cover.

HULKA
(grabbing Psycho's rifle)
What's the matter with you?!?

PSYCHO
Rifle jammed, Sarge.

63 ROY AND HAROLD 63

They are proudly looking at their targets. Harold's is partially shot up. Roy's is untouched.

HAROLD
Did you keep one eye closed?

ROY
I kept them both closed.

HULKA
(from down the range)
Time's up. Move it out!

Behind the platoon a group of female soldiers walk up to the range carrying their M-16's. Among them are Stella and Louise.

LOUISE
(coming over to Harold)
Hey -- nice shooting, soldier.

STELLA
(to Roy)
How's the leg?

ROY
Good, fine...

LOUISE
(touching Harold's head)
Nice haircut.

HAROLD
Thanks.

STELLA
(looking at Roy's target)
Looks like you're doing alright.

ROY
Well, if you ever want a few pointers we're available.

STELLA
(moving off)
We'll keep that in mind.

Stella and Louise walk up to the range. Harold and Roy stand aside to watch.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED 63

RANGE INSTRUCTOR
(over P.A.)
Commence fire!

Like lightning Stella and Louise fall to one knee and BLAST away, totally obliterating the centers of their targets. Harold and Roy look on, amazed, as Hulka comes up behind them.

HULKA
(grabbing them by the collar)
I said 'time to move out!' You boys deaf?

ROY
Shell shock, sergeant. I think I need medical leave.

He drags them off.

CUT TO:

64 STELLA AND LOUISE 64

LOUISE
(watching Hulka drag them off)
Think those two have a chance?

STELLA
Not remotely. I bet they weren't even good civilians.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

65 INT. BARRACKS - DAY 65

Harold is stretched out on a bunk, reading a magazine. The rest of the platoon is getting dressed in civvies or playing cards. Leon comes in looking at his pay stub.

LEON
I don't believe this, man. They deduct everythin'. It's just like they say, 'the rich get richer -- and the black get blacker'.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED 65

Suddenly Roy bursts in wearing a Hawaiian shirt and waving some papers.

ROY
(to Harold)
C'mon. We gotta pack.

HAROLD
Pack? For what?

ROY
(pulling him towards the lockers)
Down south! On a C-140. It's all set up. I gave the girl in Dillman's office twenty-five bucks and she typed up the orders. It's the magic of bureaucracy. Now get packed..

HAROLD
But I've never flown before.

ROY
(moving off towards his locker)
It's easy. You just flap your arms and up you go.

Elmo approaches as Harold starts to pack.

ELMO
Flying freaks me out too, man.
(holding a vial of pills)
Here, take a couple of these before you go up. They really help.

HAROLD
(taking vial)
Thanks, Elmo.

66 EXT. ROADSIDE SIGN POST - DAY 66

The sign reads:

"U.S. ARMY - RESTRICTED ZONE

Use of this roadway limited to authorized personnel".

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED 66

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Roy and Harold walking backwards past the sign as they hitchhike. There is no traffic. A jeep appears down the road.

ROY
Okay! Here we go.

Roy sticks his thumb way out, as the jeep whips past, then skids to a stop in front of them. Stella and Louise stick their heads out.

LOUISE
You two want a ride?

Roy and Harold run up and climb in. The jeep pulls away.

CUT TO:

67 INSIDE JEEP 67

LOUISE
We seem to be running into you guys a lot these days.

HAROLD
Must be fate.

STELLA
You're not going AWOL, are you?

ROY
No, deserting.
(clearing throat)
Actually, we're going on a combat readiness mission.
(holds out papers)
The orders came through today --

Louise takes the papers and looks at them.

LOUISE
What did these cost you? If you paid more than fifteen bucks you got ripped off.

STELLA
Y'know, if those papers turned out to be phony, we'd have to arrest you.
(smiling to Roy)
You could get six months.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED 67

Harold gives Roy a "What did you get me into now?" look.

ROY
(to girls)
Listen, call the Secretary of Defense and check us out, go ahead.
(he grabs the mike off their radio)
Hello! Over! Get me the Pentagon! Come in, Pentagon!
(Louise takes the mike from him)
Our plane leaves the air base in five minutes and I'm telling you if we're not on it, heads will roll.

STELLA
Well now, we wouldn't want to ruffle any feathers in Washington.

Flicking on the SIREN, Stella floors it.

68 EXT. FORT ARNOLD AIR BASE - DAY 68

The girls' jeep, lights flashing, pulls onto the runway. Roy and Harold grab their suitcases and get out.

LOUISE
(smiling to Harold)
Don't catch malaria.

HAROLD
Thanks.

ROY
(romantically to Stella)
If I come out of this thing alive, will you marry me?

STELLA
No.

ROY
(putting his finger to her lips)
You don't have to answer now. Think about it.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED 68

Roy and Harold run toward a waiting plane and scramble up the ramp.

STELLA
(shaking her head)
Incredible.

69 INT. AIR FORCE TRANSPORT JET - SAME TIME 69

Roy and Harold climb through the hatchway into the plane. It is empty except for a ground crew mechanic who is checking an oxygen tank.

ROY
This the plane goin' south?

The mechanic nods and they move in and sit down.

HAROLD
(getting nervous)
I think I'm gonna be sick.

ROY
Relax. It's just like taking the train, only much more dangerous.

HAROLD
(pulling out Elmo's pills)
Thanks a lot.

He swallows two of the pills.

ROY
What are those?

HAROLD
From Elmo. I think they're dramamine.

Roy takes the vial and holds it up to the light.

ROY
I hate to panic you on your first flight, but I don't think this is dramamine. I think it's acid.

HAROLD
Acid?...
(getting scared)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED 69

ROY
How much did you take?

HAROLD
(thinking)
One in the barracks, and two just now...

ROY
Jesus!

HAROLD
...and two on the road... and two in the jeep...

ROY
I think you'd better do up your seat belt.

Harold nods. Suddenly his eyes grow wide in terror and he points to the front of the cabin.

HAROLD
Oh wow. It's starting.

CUT TO:

70 THE ENTRANCE HATCH 70

One by one, a squad of menacing, steely-eyed troops enter the plane. Their faces are blackened and they all carry machine guns, knives and grenades. On their blue berets they wear a unit insignia which reads, "Kill Or Die". Without saying a word they move in and take seats.

HAROLD (O.S.)
I don't believe this -- killer minstrels.

The gruff UNIT COMMANDER approaches Roy and Harold as the airplane's engines start up.

COMMANDER
Who are you? You're not in my outfit.

ROY
(flashing papers)
We're on special assignment, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED 70

HAROLD
(sings)
Camptown ladies sing dis song -- doodah, doodah --

ROY
(improvising)
This is Captain Wayne -- (indicating Harold and making a "funny in the head" sign) --demolitions. And I'm Major DeSoto -- Intelligence.

He shakes the confused officer's hand.

COMMANDER
Intelligence? You on a covert mission or something?

HAROLD
Nah, we're going to the beach.

ROY
(to Commander)
That's all we can tell you at this time. You'll be briefed at the proper stages. Dismissed, Captain.

COMMANDER
Yes, sir.

He salutes and leaves, gaping at Harold who is busy staring at the veins in his hand.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. RUNWAY - SAME TIME 71

The plane lifts off.

CUT TO:

72 INT. PLANE - SAME TIME 72

As the plane rises, Harold looks out the window.

HAROLD
(upset)
Oh no! The land is sinking!

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED 72

ROY
(putting his hand
on Harold's shoulder)
Take it easy...This stuff's gonna wear off in - oh, eight or ten hours.

Roy picks up Harold's arm and holds it in front of his face.

ROY
(continuing)
...Look at this for a while.

HAROLD
(staring at his hand)
Oh wow...

73 INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - LATER 73

Roy is asleep but Harold is no longer beside him. The Unit Commander passes by and drops a parachute in Roy's lap.

COMMANDER
Ready to go, Major.

ROY
(looking up groggily)
Go where?

He sees the other soldiers lined up at the jump hatch with parachutes on their backs. Then he notices that Harold is gone.

JUMPMASTER
(calling out)
One minute to target.

Roy jumps up and pushes through the line of paratroops, frantically strapping on his chute. He finds Harold near the head of the line just as the door slides open.

ROY
(grabbing him)
What are you doing?

HAROLD
We've landed and now we're all going backpacking.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED 73

ROY
Harold, don't be a jerk.

They keep moving up in line as the soldiers bail out one by one. Roy realizes that they're next.

ROY
Listen, sit down for a minute --

HAROLD
(looking out the open door)
Pretty windy out there. Hope it doesn't rain.

JUMPMASTER
(slaps him on the back)
Go!

ROY
No!

Harold steps out. Roy lunges desperately to catch him and tumbles out after him, screaming in terror.

74 EXT. 8,000 FEET IN THE AIR 74

Harold and Roy float down within earshot of each other.

HAROLD
(shouts)
Roy! We're flying!

ROY
(pissed off)
No, Harold. We're falling!

75 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 75

Roy and Harold land in the jungle and are covered over by their parachutes. Getting out from underneath, they stand up and brush themselves off.

ROY
You okay?

HAROLD
Yeah, fine.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED 75

ROY
(looking around)
I guess we better try and find those other guys.

HAROLD
Okay.
(pointing)
Why don't we head towards where that orange dolphin is flying.

ROY
(taking Harold's arm)
No. Let's try the path.

HAROLD
Good thinking.

Harold looks down and takes long, deliberate steps.

CUT TO:

76 ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE 76

Two Latin American BANDITOS are watching Roy and Harold through binoculars. They talk in Spanish as they watch Roy guide Harold along the path.

BANDITO #1
(Spanish w/subtitles)
These two look very suspicious.

BANDITO #2
(subtitles)
They look like idiots.

BANDITO #1
I think they may be circling around and laying a trap for us.

BANDITO #2
No. They are definitely idiots.

CUT TO:

77 ROY AND HAROLD 77

HAROLD
I'm starving.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a chocolate bar.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED 77

HAROLD
(continuing; holding it out)
Want some?

Suddenly a snare-trap springs, flipping Harold up and over and hanging him upside-down from a tree by one leg.

ROY
(walking towards him)
Hang on. I'll get you down.

As he takes a step, another trap springs, pulling him up and over.

HAROLD
I dropped the chocolate bar.

Suddenly dozens of bandits carrying rifles come out of the jungle and surround Roy and Harold.

78 EXT. BANDITO CAMP - NIGHT 78

Roy and Harold are being led at gunpoint toward the center of the bandit camp.

HAROLD
(getting paranoid)
What if they search us and find the acid? This is a foreign country. We could get life. I don't want to spend the rest of my life rotting in prison.

Nervously, Harold pulls out the vial and hides it behind his back.

CUT TO:

79 A CLOSEUP OF HAROLD'S HANDS 79

As he walks, he opens the vial and shakes the pills out into a large metal cauldron sitting on the ground.

CUT TO:

80 THE BANDITO LEADER 80

He is standing near the fire, armed to the teeth and looking very evil.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED 80

As the bandits begin to tie them up, the Bandito Leader pulls a red-hot poker out of the fire and holds it in their faces.

LEADER
(Spanish w/subtitles)
Who sent you here and for what reason?

HAROLD
(to Roy)
Let me handle this. I took some Spanish in High School.

Roy shrugs.

HAROLD
(continuing; to Leader)
Con plumo estes con granmatra.
(SUBTITLE READS: I would like to meet your grandmother).

LEADER
(subtitles)
Why are you here?!

HAROLD
Bon Dias cien los amarettas! Es con frenes dentes.
(SUBTITLE READS: I woke up. I got out of bed. I brushed my teeth.)

LEADER
(subtitles)
If you do not answer me, I will cut off your balls and roast them for dinner!

Roy looks a little worried at the Leader's hostile tone. Harold recognizes the Spanish word for "dinner" and gets excited.

HAROLD
Wait! I know that one. Dende carnero est que dinera?
(SUBTITLE READS: What time will dinner be served?)

Harold, happy with his performance, gives Roy an A-OK sign.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED 80

LEADER
(to himself; subtitles)
I am wasting my time. These men are idiots.

BANDITO #2
(subtitles)
I told you so, my Captain.

LEADER
(subtitles)
Shut up, you asshole.

BANDITO #2
(subtitles)
Yes, my Captain.

Another Bandito comes over and hands a plate of stew to the Leader.

LEADER
(in broken English, to Harold and Roy)
First I eat, then you die.

He walks away.

CUT TO:

81 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GUERILLA CAMP 81

CAMERA PANS across the Banditos sitting on the ground, laughing and talking as they eat stew. When the CAMERA gets TO the cooking pot over the fire, it PANS DOWN TO Harold's little vial, lying open on the ground.

CUT TO:

82 THE BANDITOS 82

They start looking at their spoons, and their hands, and the veins in their arms, and begin to mutter "Oh wow" in Spanish. The two guards standing over Roy and Harold begin to get unduly fascinated with their ammunition belts.

CUT TO:

83 ROY AND HAROLD 83

ROY
This might be an excellent time to say
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED 83

ROY (CONTD)
goodbye to our Latin-American friends.

Struggling to their feet, Roy and Harold start to hop away.

CUT TO:

84 THE BANDITOS 84

They see Roy and Harold hopping around and start to imitate them, laughing hysterically.

85 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SUNSET 85

Two uniformed LATIN AMERICAN POLICEMEN are lounging around the big fountain in the town square when suddenly they hear singing. They look up.

86 HAROLD AND ROY 86

They come dancing up the street, leading the entire band of stoned Banditos in a kind of crazy Conga line, all singing "Quando, Quando" at the top of their lungs.

The Policemen leap to their feet and pull their guns. Other Police join them and they start herding up the banditos.

ROY
(directing traffic)
Okay! Cut throats over here -- you rapists and terrorists line up over there. Come on, people! Work with me!

The Police are forcing the banditos up against the wall and disarming them.

DISSOLVE TO:

87 FORT ARNOLD AIR BASE - DAY 87

The transport jet lands and taxis to a stop. Roy and Harold climb out of the plane with the counter-guerilla squad. The Commander comes up and salutes smartly. Roy and Harold now wear blue "Kill Or Die" berets.

COMMANDER
Congratulations, Major. Some job you did back there.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED 87

ROY
(overplaying it)
Don't congratulate us, Captain. It's just a job. Death is our bread and butter. If you ever need help, just give us a call.
(they salute smartly and march off)

88 INT. THE BARRACKS - EARLY MORNING 88

The platoon are all sleeping soundly. Roy and Harold, still wearing Hawaiian shirts, look particularly zonked. The quiet of the morning is shattered by REVEILLE. *

PSYCHO
I'm gonna kill the guy blowin' that fuckin' bugle.

Suddenly, Hulka storms in and starts banging on the lockers with his fist.

HULKA
Come on, you dirtballs, on your feet! We're running the confidence course in fifteen minutes. Let's go!

He exits. Ox lumbers out of his bunk.

OX
(to Psycho)
Why don't you kill Hulka, too, while you're at it..

PSYCHO
Yeah, Hulka first, then the bugler.

89 INT. DILLMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING 89

Capt. Dillman is sitting at his desk...meticulously putting the finishing touches on a little plastic model of a tank. He looks at the tank, smiles, and sets it down in the middle of a little model battlefield, covered with little plastic soldiers. The SOUNDS OF REAL SOLDIERS, SINGING as they march by, drifts in through his open window. Dillman's Corporal comes in with a huge stack of papers and puts them on Dillman's desk.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED 89

CORPORAL
Major Ellis would like you to go over these interim reports, Captain Dillman. *

DILLMAN
(looking up from his models)
Interim reports? That's all I ever do around here. I want some ACTION.

Captain Dillman stares out his window.

CUT TO:

90 DILLMAN'S POV 90

A crack platoon marches by in perfect formation as they sing cadence.

CUT BACK TO:

91 DILLMAN 91

92 92

DILLMAN
Are those my men, Corporal?

CORPORAL
No, sir. They're Captain Benton's men, sir. *

DILLMAN
Well, where are my men?

CORPORAL
(looking at duty sheet)
Let's see, Sergeant Hulka's on the confidence course.

DILLMAN
Mortars? Terrific! Bring up the jeep.

93 EXT. MORTAR FIELD - DAY 93

A mortar team is receiving instruction from SERGEANT CROCKER as Captain Dillman and his Corporal pull up in their jeep.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED 93

CROCKER
(seeing Dillman)
Aw shit! This is all I need...
(shouts to men)
Ten-shun!

He salutes Captain Dillman.

DILLMAN
(getting out of jeep)
Carry on, Sergeant. I'm just here to observe.

CROCKER
(reluctant)
Yes, sir...

Sergeant Crocker and Dillman's Corporal exchange a nervous look as Dillman wanders off down the firing line.

CUT AWAY TO:

94 EXT. CONFIDENCE COURSE - SAME TIME 94

Sergeant Hulka is shouting at his platoon as they struggle over the various torture devices which make up the Army obstacle course. Hector, halfway up the thirty-foot tower, is having trouble.

HECTOR
(terrified)
Sergeant! I'm not gonna... make it!

HULKA
(shouts from ground)
C'mon, CLIMB!

Hector takes a step up, loses his balance, and falls, hitting the water surrounding the tower. Roy and Harold, standing nearby, help pull Hector out. As Hector stands there wet and shivering, Hulka comes over.

HULKA
(continuing to Hector)
How do you expect to survive in combat, boy? We got women that climb better than you do.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED 94

HECTOR
(snaps)
I don't see you climbin' no towers.

Hulka turns to face the thirty-foot tower.

HULKA
(continuing)
Okay, watch me ladies! This is how it's done.

The Drill Sergeant begins to pull his body expertly up the tower, toward the top.

CUT BACK TO:

95 EXT. MORTAR FIELD - SAME TIME 95

Captain Dillman is inspecting one of the mortar teams.

DILLMAN
(pointing to mortar)
All right. Let's see how you prime this mortar.

SOLDIER
(scared)
Uh...sir. You don't prime a mortar. You just set it and fire it.

DILLMAN
(getting indignant)
I know that, Soldier. I didn't get those bars in a cracker-jack box. Now I want to see you fire this weapon.

SOLDIER
What coordinates, sir?

DILLMAN
Coordinates?

SOLDIER
Yes, sir. They determine where the...

DILLMAN
Private, the Army has spent a lot of money teaching you how to fire this thing. Now, set it and fire it.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED 95

SOLDIER
(cautioning)
Sir, we don't know where the shell is going to...

DILLMAN
(sharply)
Soldier! The only way to learn anything is to do it. Now, let's see you fire that thing.

The Private shrugs and reluctantly FIRES the mortar. The SHELL WHISTLES AWAY, and Dillman scans the range with binoculars.

DILLMAN
(*continuing*)
Now that wasn't so difficult, was it?

CUT TO:

96 EXT. CONFIDENCE COURSE - DAY 96

Sergeant Hulka reaches the top of the wooden tower and yells down to the recruits.

HULKA
(hands on hips)
Any one of you suckholes want to come up here and knock me down?

A DISTANT WHISTLING SOUND GETS LOUDER as the mortar shell comes shooting over the hill and BLOWS the thirty-foot tower to bits. There is nothing left but smoke and splinters. The recruits stare in disbelief at the smoking wreckage as Hulka's scorched hat twirls to the ground.

97 OX 97

He shouts to the recruits from a spot on the other side of the course.

OX
(shouts)
Guys! Over here!

The recruits go running to Ox and find him kneeling over Hulka who is alive but in a state of total shock. Most of his uniform has been blown away, he's flat on his back, staring blankly at the sky.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED 97

ROY
(amazed)
Jesus! He's still alive.

OX
(kneeling over him)
Sergeant? Does this mean we're through for the day?

Hulka groans painfully as a military ambulance comes screeching onto the obstacle course.

98 INT. DILLMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 98

The platoon is lined up in two rows in front of Dillman's desk. Roy and Harold are in the back row.

DILLMAN
Men, I realize that this tragic injury to your drill sergeant is a real shock, especially so close to the end of Basic Training. As far as I'm concerned Sergeant Crocker is one hundred percent to blame for this entire incident.

ROY
(from the back)
That's not what I heard.

DILLMAN
(leaping to his feet)
Who said that? I want to know who said that!

The front row timidly parts revealing Roy standing there staring straight at Dillman.

ROY
I did, sir.

DILLMAN
(beside himself)
Well, I don't care what you heard, soldier, but my report states that Sergeant Crocker was negligent in his mortar instruction and totally unable to control his men.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED 98

ROY
(shrugs)
Have it <u>your</u> way, sir.

DILLMAN
You bet I will, soldier, and I don't want to hear one more insubordinate word out of anyone in this platoon! The subject is closed. Now I suggest you stop worrying about what happened to Sergeant Hulka and start worrying about how you're going to pass muster at graduation. This platoon is the worst in my command and I will not be embarrassed by you in front of General Barnicke and his staff. You've got three days to get it together, and if it's any help to you, I don't think you're going to make it. Now get out of here. Dismissed!

99 EXT. PAY OFFICE - LATER 99

Roy comes out of the pay office counting his money and sees Stella waiting in line outside.

ROY
Hey! Hi!

STELLA
(looking up)
Oh, hi. Just get paid?

ROY
Yeah -- 463 big ones! The way they've been running us around in basic I think it comes to about a dollar a mile.

STELLA
(sincerely)
I heard about your Drill Sergeant. I'm really sorry.

ROY
(wiping an imaginary tear)
Yes, he and I were very close. We're having a party tonight to celebrate. Would you like to come?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED 99

STELLA
No, I wouldn't.

ROY
You must think I'm pretty obnoxious.

STELLA
You must be psychic.

ROY
(sighs)
You know, I'd really like to get past this hostility thing with you.

STELLA
Well, you're the one who starts it.

ROY
I know, I know. It's a problem I've had for a long time. But next time I see you I promise I'll be nicer.

STELLA
(going into the pay office)
I can hardly wait.

100 INT. DILLMAN'S OFFICE 100

Dillman is at the window gazing out through high-power field glasses mounted on a tripod.

101 HIS POV 101

Through a window in the woman's shower room, he can see nude and semi-clad female personnel going in and out of the showers and locker room.

DILLMAN (V.O.)
Oh, boy -- oh, boy.

102 OFFICE DOOR 102

Dillman's corporal enters with GENERAL "SPIKE" BARNICKE, toughest two-star in the Army, right behind him.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED 102

CORPORAL
(nervous)
Excuse me, Captain.

Dillman continues gazing through the binoculars.

DILLMAN
(transfixed)
Not now, corporal. This one's got tits like the Hindenburg.

Gen. Barnicke stiffens.

CORPORAL
But Captain --

DILLMAN
(still not looking around)
Not now, I said! This is peak shower hour and I don't want --

BARNICKE
(roars)
Dillman!

Dillman lurches in surprise, which knocks the tripod over, smashing the window with the binoculars.

DILLMAN
Sorry, Sir.

CORPORAL
(to Dillman)
General Barnicke to see you, Sir.

DILLMAN
I can see that, Corporal. Dismissed.
(to Barnicke)
Welcome to Fort Arnold, sir. It's a real pleasure to --

BARNICKE
Let's skip the bullshit, Captain. I've got a problem and I need your help. You've heard of the EM-50 project?

DILLMAN
Yes, sir. It's a new tank or something?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED 102

BARNICKE
We call it an Urban Assault Vehicle. The Pentagon wants to unveil it for the news media next month in Italy. What I want from you is a real crackerjack platoon of new recruits to man the EM-50 -- real go-getters. We'll have them photographed putting the EM-50 through its paces -- "Our newest soldiers with our latest weapon" -- that kind of thing. *

DILLMAN
I see. You can count on me, sir.

BARNICKE
(giving him a hard look)
You screw this up, Dillman, and I'll have you assigned to a weather station above the Arctic circle. Got that? *

DILLMAN
Yes, sir.
(Barnicke leaves)
Thank you, sir.

103 EXT. MAIN DRAG - SEDGEWICKVILLE, KENTUCKY - NIGHT 103

The main street is a neon-lit collection of movie houses, bars, stripjoints, greasy spoons and amusement arcades. Soldiers and teenagers parade up and down the street ogling the town girls and hookers.

104 HAROLD AND ROY 104

They come walking down the street with Ox, Cruiser, Leon, Hector and Elmo. Ox and Cruiser want to stop and look into every club they pass. Roy pulls them along, intent on getting to the party.

HAROLD
Where is this place, Roy? Cruiser's getting dangerously horny.

ROY
(consulting a slip of paper)
Right around the corner.

104A EXT. OLD COLONIAL HOUSE -SEDGEWICKVILLE - NIGHT 104A

They turn the corner and see a large old colonial house. They can hear music blasting away inside as they approach the door.

ROY
That must be it.

HAROLD
Looks like a swinging funeral home.

Roy rings the bell and a good-looking HOSTESS answers the door.

HOSTESS
Hi. Looking for someone?

ROY
Yeah -- is there a party inside?

HOSTESS
Why yes. It's in the ballroom.
(leading them in)
I hope you guys won't mind kicking in for the drinks and stuff.

ROY
How much?

HOSTESS
Fifty dollars.

ROY
(reaching into pocket)
No problem.

HOSTESS
...each. Three hundred and fifty dollars for the group.

PLATOON
Three hundred and fifty dollars!?!

ROY
(turning around)
Look, guys, we're talking about first class partying here. Fun is expensive.

The platoon reluctantly pays.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED 104

OX
(to the hostess)
You better have crabmeat dip
in there for fifty bucks a piece.

105 MAIN PARTY ROOM 105

The guys enter and see a roomful of soldiers and girls dancing, drinking and seducing each other. Right in the center of the room is a good-sized mud-wrestling pit. The EMCEE, a first-class sleaze in a body shirt and gold chains starts talking and people start crowding around the ring.

EMCEE
Just step up, guys. Don't be
afraid to get too close. If
they splash a little mud on you,
the girls promise to lick if off.

Roy and Ox force their way ringside as two girls enter and stand just outside the mud pit. One is dressed as a NURSE and the other as a prim STEWARDESS.

ROY
(delighted, to Ox)
They're gonna wrestle in the
mud! Now this is a class act.
(starts chanting)
Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!

EMCEE
(announcing)
They're gonna get to it in a
minute, gentlemen, and while
they take off their nice clean
clothes, we can find a volunteer
who wants to mix it up with them.
Now what do you think it's worth
to you to fight one fall, five
minute time limit, with these two
helpless females?

Soldiers start calling out bids. Roy grabs Ox as the girls start stripping in the background.

ROY
(excited)
You got to do it, Ox.

OX
Forget it, Roy.

105 CONTINUED 105

ROY
Come on! You told me you used to wrestle in high school.

OX
I said I used to get beat up a lot in high school.

ROY
(ignores him) (shouts)
The Big Man here will fight! Four hundred and sixty three dollars!

EMCEE
You got it, friend!

106 THE BAR 106

Harold and Cruiser are getting drinks. Harold can't take his eyes off the beautiful girl beside him who is dressed like a CHEERLEADER.

HAROLD
(to cheerleader)
You fighting tonight?

CHEERLEADER
No. But I'm up for anything you want to do, honey.

HAROLD
(lights up)
I'm flexible.

CHEERLEADER
(laughs)
Come on up, sweetie.
(she leads him toward the stairs)

CRUISER
Hey! What about me?

107 LEON AND HECTOR 107

LEON
(to Hector)
Cruiser may be the only guy we know who couldn't get laid in a whorehouse.

108 MUD-WRESTLING PIT 108

Ox has stripped down to trunks and Roy pushes him up to the pit.

OX
(reluctant)
Hey, these girls look like they work out.

ROY
All you gotta do is stay away from them for five minutes.

OX
(stepping into the pit)
Are you kidding? That Nurse looks like Wonder Woman.

Roy is gone, making bets like a bookie.

ROY
(loud)
Ten bucks they can't pin the Big Man.

A SOLDIER
I'll take that. Those two chicks are killers.

ROY
Okay! Who else? My money's on the Big Guy.

Other soldiers quickly make bets with Roy.

109 INT. A BEDROOM 109

Harold sits on the bed -- stupified -- while the CHEERLEADER (ALICE) leaps and kicks.

ALICE
Hey! Hey! Take it away! Grab that ball and fight!

She does a cartwheel and comes up smiling.

HAROLD
(worried)
That's great, Alice. You give great cheer. But I thought we could maybe skip the first few dates and try something a little heavier.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED 109

ALICE
Sure -- great. I can do it. French, Greek, Oriental, Swedish, Half-'n-Half, Round The World, Mix 'n Match, or Fielder's Choice. Take your pick.

HAROLD
Okay...how about Round The World?

ALICE
Super! I love Round The World. But it's gonna cost you three hundred dollars.

HAROLD
Gee, that's a lot.
(looks in wallet)
Got anything for around twenty?

ALICE
'Oriental' is twenty-four ninety-five including tax.

HAROLD
That's more like it.

He hands over the money.

ALICE
(starting to remove her shoes)
Now you just lie down and make yourself comfy.

110 MUD PIT 110

The wrestling match is about to start. The bell rings and the girls come flying at Ox, hit him high and low and bring him down hard into the mud. Ox crawls toward Roy.

ROY
(to Ox)
Try to look scared while I find some more action.

OX
I am scared.

ROY
Good. It'll be more realistic.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED 110

The girls leap on Ox and start tying up his limbs with painful arm and leg locks.

111 HAROLD'S BEDROOM 111

Alice, fully clothed, is singing "Sukiyaki" as she walks along Harold's spine while he lies on the bed, also fully clothed.

ALICE
Doesn't this make you feel relaxed?

Harold grimaces.

112 THE MUD-WRESTLING RING 112

The Lady Wrestlers now have Ox in a double Boston crab as Roy appears nearby at ringside.

ROY
(fists full of money)
Okay, we've milked it dry. You can cut loose now. Let 'em have it.

OX
(almost dead)
Let 'em have it?! I... can't... move.

The Lady Wrestlers drop Ox's legs and grab his arms. Lifting Ox to his feet, they whip him into the ropes. He bounces off, falls straight back into the mud, and lies there motionless.

EMCEE (V.O.)
Four minutes!

CROWD
(shouting)
Over the ropes!
Over the ropes!
Over the ropes!

CUT TO:

113 ROY 113

He runs along the ring apron to where Ox lies fallen.

ROY
Ox, get up!

Ox's head falls to one side, and he moans.

CUT TO:

114 THE LADY WRESTLERS 114

They begin to approach from across the ring.

CUT BACK TO:

115 ROY 115

ROY
Don't let me down, big fella.
I'm counting on you!

As Ox begins to stir, the two Lady Wrestlers arrive beside him. Each one grabs him by an arm and a leg. Straining, they lift his body up off the mat and prepare to give him the "heave-ho" over the ropes. They swing him once, without letting go.

CROWD
(screaming)
One!

ROY
Make your move, Ox!

The girls swing his limp body again -- higher this time.

CROWD
Two!

CUT TO:

116 OX 116

He comes to, and looks terrified.

CUT TO:

117 RINGSIDE 117

ROY
(to Ox)
Show them what you're made of!

CUT TO:

118 THE RING 118

As the Lady Wrestlers swing Ox back a third time, he suddenly grits his teeth, stiffens his arms and legs, and starts to shake. Caught off balance by his shifting weight, they lose their footing and fall backwards, screaming as they're buried under his massive body.

CUT TO:

119 RINGSIDE 119

EMCEE
Five minutes!

The BELL RINGS to end the match. Roy and the platoon go wild. They run into the ring, stand Ox up, and raise his arms in victory.

PLATOON
Ox! Ox! Ox! Ox!

CUT TO:

120 THE BALLROOM ENTRANCE 120

Dozens of armed Policemen pour in.

CUT TO:

121 ROY 121

Standing in the middle of the ring, with both fists full of cash, Roy looks around and sees armed policemen everywhere.

122 EXT. THE HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER 122

A parade of dishevelled soldiers are filing into several paddy wagons.

Harold and Roy are being herded up to one of the paddy wagons. Suddenly a feminine hand collars Roy.

STELLA
(to cop)
Special detail, Hansen.
We'll take care of these two.

Stella and Louise slap handcuffs on Roy and Harold and lead them away.

123 STELLA'S JEEP 123

The girls push Roy and Harold into the back seat.

HAROLD
(confused)
Are we in trouble or not?

ROY
Look at it this way. We're going for a ride with two heavily armed women.

The jeep starts up and drives off.

124 EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - NIGHT 124

The jeep winds its way down a dark, lonely road as Roy and Harold sit handcuffed in the back seat.

LOUISE
(turning to guys)
Isn't that an awfully rough place for you two to be hanging out?

HAROLD
I'll say it's rough. -- Seventy-five dollars and all I got was a free drink.

STELLA
(turning to Roy)
I hope you did better than that.

ROY
I tried, but it's hard finding people you can really relate to.

STELLA
Really? I would've thought hookers and mud-wrestlers are just your speed.

The jeep makes a sharp turn and pulls through a gate with a sign above it reading:

"DANGER! DO NOT ENTER!
NO PERSONNEL BEYOND THIS POINT"

Stella and Louise get out.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED 124

LOUISE
(to Roy and Harold)
After you...

The guys look at each other apprehensively.

125 EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - NIGHT 125

Roy and Harold, still handcuffed, follow the girls out of the woods and onto a hillside overlooking fields hundreds of feet below.

STELLA
(to Roy)
Okay. Sit down here and be quiet.
(Roy sits)

Louise and Harold wander off together. For a moment, all that can be heard is the WIND in the trees. Then, BLAAAAMMM!! -- a SERIES OF THUNDERING EXPLOSIONS shatters the silence as the sky erupts into enormous balls of red flame which light up the entire area.

126 ROY AND STELLA 126

STELLA
Relax, it's night maneuvers. Just pretend we're at a drive-in movie.

She pulls closer to him. They look on as BURSTS OF GUNFIRE send phosphorescent tracer shells slicing across the fields below.

ROY
You're really very pretty -- for a cop.

STELLA
Thanks. Are those handcuffs hurting your wrists?

ROY
(checking)
No, they fit fine. I look good in chrome.

STELLA
Good.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED 126

They both go back to watching the fireworks.

Roy turns and looks at Stella again.

ROY
Listen, you could actually do me a favor, if you don't mind.

STELLA
Yes?

ROY
I've got this pain just under my left shoulder. Would you mind rubbing it for a minute?

Stella thinks it over, then moves behind him and starts to rub.

STELLA
...How's that?

ROY
Good... a little higher... Mmm, that's good. Y'know you have very strong hands.

STELLA
I do a lot of karate.

ROY
I tried karate, but I couldn't scream loud enough.

STELLA
(moving hands higher)
How's that feel?

ROY
Perfect.

STELLA
(feeling his neck)
Y'know you have a knot in there. Must be tension.

ROY
Well my job carries a lot of responsibility.

STELLA
Lean your head back.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED 126

Roy leans his head back and looks up at her as a FLARE GOES OFF in the sky.

ROY
You are pretty.

STELLA
For a cop?

ROY
For anybody...

They kiss.

CUT TO:

127 HAROLD AND LOUISE 127

Louise sits up a bit as the FIREWORKS momentarily QUIET DOWN. Harold's handcuffs are off.

LOUISE
Have you ever played force-field?

HAROLD
No. How do you play?

She moves in closer.

LOUISE
(continuing)
The way you play it is you pretend that both of us have force-fields all around our bodies.

HAROLD
(getting interested)
Yeah?

LOUISE
(whispering)
And we try to get as close to each other as possible without actually breaking the force-field.

She moves even closer to Harold. Her lips are only an inch away from his. Without touching him, she gently kisses the air in front of his face. Then she slowly and teasingly runs her hands a fraction of an inch above the surface of his body.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED 127

Harold, getting excited, raises his hands, and moves them over her body, trying to decide exactly where on her force-field to place them.

HAROLD
(continuing)
So how do you win?

LOUISE
(softly)
Well, if the other person breaks your force-field, you win.

Louise starts to move her tongue inches away from his lips. Harold, unable to control himself any longer breaks through and kisses her.

LOUISE
(continuing; eyes closed; inviting)
You just broke my force-field.

HAROLD
Yeah... You win.

They kiss again.

128 EXT. CAPTAIN DILLMAN'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT 128

Two M.P.'s are talking to Dillman who is wearing pajamas, a bathrobe and a helmet liner. Ox, Cruiser, Hector, Leon and Elmo are all there, handcuffed together, very drunk and covered with mud. Dillman crosses to them.

DILLMAN
Well? Explain yourselves.

The men look at each other helplessly.

OX
Uh -- we heard it was Bingo Night at the YMCA, sir. I guess we got the wrong address.

DILLMAN
Shut up! No more excuses! You men are a disgrace! Maybe you need a few days in the stockade to change your rotten attitude.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED 128

CRUISER
(whining)
But we're supposed to graduate tomorrow, sir.

DILLMAN
(remembering)
That's right, you are. That's even better.
(gleeful)
Tomorrow you will be on parade in front of General Barnicke, and when he sees what total fuck-ups you are, I will personally recommend to him that your whole platoon be forced to repeat the entire course of Basic Training starting over from day one.
(Platoon groans)
And if you think it was tough the first time, you just wait and see how tough it can get. Now get out of my sight. Dismissed!'

He turns and exits.

129 EXT. ARMY ROAD - NIGHT 129

The girls' M.P. jeep weaves erratically down the road as the four of them sing loudly.

STELLA/LOUISE/ROY/HAROLD
(singing)
Bom buh de bom, buh
Dang-a-dan dang, buh
Ding-a-dong ding, Blue Moooon...

130 INSIDE JEEP 130

Stella is driving. Roy lies with his head in her lap and his feet out the window, as he sings loudly. Harold and Louise are in the back, snuggled close together.

HAROLD
You know, if things keep up like this, I may re-enlist.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED 130

LOUISE
(straightening his uniform)
First you have to graduate.

HAROLD
Y'know, they still haven't told us where we're going after graduation.

LOUISE
We're going to Germany. Why don't you put in for Germany?

HAROLD
Yeah.
(shouting)
Hey, Roy, what do you think of going to Germany?

ROY
(shouting back)
I don't think we have enough gas.

131 INT. ROY AND HAROLD'S BARRACKS 131

The platoon is sitting motionless on their bunks looking depressed. Their rifles are lying in pieces on the floor.

A jeep is heard pulling away, as Roy and Harold enter.

HAROLD
(looking around)
Hey, who died?

OX
Dillman freaked out when the M.P.'s brought us back.

CRUISER
If we screw up at Graduation tomorrow, we're gonna have to take basic training all over again.

*

131 CONTINUED 131

HAROLD
Well, we've got all night. Why don't we practice?

OX
We've been practicing and we still stink.
(indicating gun parts on floor)
We couldn't even put our guns together.

HAROLD
(decisive)
Then we have to practice more.
(pulling out his rifle)
Let's go down to the motor pool where there's some room.

The men look at each other, shrug, then reluctantly start to get up.

WIPE TO:

132 INT. MOTOR POOL - MUCH LATER 132

The CAMERA is CLOSEUP on a clock which reads 5:30 A.M. In the background we hear Harold barking orders to the platoon and the SOUND OF THE PLATOON REACTING instantaneously to his orders.

HAROLD (V.O.)
Right face... present arms... about face...

As the CAMERA PANS DOWN into the motor pool we see the dog-tired, red-eyed platoon in total disarray -- stepping on each other's toes, and colliding with one another as they attempt to follow instructions.

Harold turns to Roy who is sitting nearby with the Army Parade Instruction Manual open in his lap.

HAROLD
(continuing)
What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED 132

ROY
(shrugging)
Try yelling louder.

HAROLD
(shouting louder)
Right face!!...

Ox steps on Leon.

LEON
Ow! Watch it, fatso!

Ox grabs him and the soldiers start fighting among themselves.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. PARADE GROUNDS - DAY 133

The graduation ceremony is in progress. In the fields, the drill sergeants and their platoons are standing in perfect formation, facing the reviewing stand. There is a gaping hole in the middle where Roy and Harold's platoon should be.

Stella and Louise are standing in the crowd looking around.

LOUISE
(craning neck)
Maybe they couldn't find the parade grounds.

STELLA
It's right in front of their barracks.

LOUISE
That's what I mean.

CUT TO:

134 INT. MOTOR POOL - SAME TIME 134

Sunlight streams in the windows and the SOUND OF THE BAND can be heard in the distance. The motor pool clocks read three o'clock.

The entire platoon is unconscious -- bodies draped over

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED 134

trucks, tangled in the air hose, inside tires, etc. Hector and Cruiser begin to stir.

CRUISER
(looking around groggily)
Hey, what happened to our bunks?

HECTOR
(groggy)
Graduation's at two o'clock. What time is it now?

CRUISER
(looks at clock)
It's three o'clock, so we've still got an hour.

They doze off again. Suddenly Hector's head pops up.

HECTOR
Three o'clock?! We're missing it!!

Hector runs over to the other soldiers and starts shaking them awake.

HECTOR
(continuing)
Roy, wake up.

ROY
(waking up)
Huh?

Hector runs around to the other recruits, slapping their faces and shaking them.

HECTOR
Guys! Wake up! We're missing graduation!!

The other soldiers start to slowly stir.

135 EXT. THE REVIEWING STAND - SAME TIME 135

Captain Dillman is with his Corporal, General Barnicke and the other officers.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED 135

CORPORAL
(whispering to Dillman)
We checked their barracks, sir. They're not there.

DILLMAN
(to Corporal)
If they're not here in five minutes, I want them all court-martialed.

CORPORAL
Yes, sir.

Dillman stands up and approaches the microphone.

DILLMAN
(over P.A.)
And now, the graduating platoons will present themselves to General Barnicke.

The band starts to play and the platoons, one-by-one, begin to proudly march past the reviewing stand.

136 INT. MOTOR POOL - SAME TIME 136

Hector is pouring coffee into cups as Cruiser hands them out to the platoon. ...

LEON
Well it's all over, now. We may as well not even show up. You white guys'll probably get five years, but I'm gonna get hung.

OX
They'll never get me. I'll defect. Can you defect to Las Vegas?

CUT TO:

137 ROY 137

He stands up, pulls out his "Kill or Die" beret and puts it on. Then he walks to the front of the soldiers.

ROY
Hold on! You guys seem to have forgotten one very important thing --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED 137

ROY (CONTD)
we're not just soldiers, we're U.S. soldiers -- the finest fighting machine in military history. We don't have to learn to be great soldiers -- we're born with it. It's in our blood. In our genes. Does a bird have to go to school to learn how to fly? Does a mongoose need a manual on how to kill a cobra? It's in their genes. What we have to do is stop worrying about 'Have we practiced enough?' or 'Is Dillman going to hang us?' We just have to be the great soldiers that we are inside. Because like that bird and like that mongoose, we know what to do. We just have to do it. Ten-hut!!

The platoon leaps to its feet.

ROY
(continuing)
Just stay together, do whatever I do, and make me proud.

They all salute sharply and double-time out the door.

138 EXT. PARADE GROUNDS - DAY 138

The graduation ceremony is in its final stages as the last platoon parades past General Barnicke.

STELLA
Well, they're screwed now.

CUT TO:

139 THE REVIEWING STAND 139

DILLMAN
(to Corporal)
I want those misfits arrested and put behind bars. Notify the Military Police.

CORPORAL
Yes, sir.

The Corporal leaves.

CUT TO:

140 THE PARADE GROUNDS 140

Out of nowhere, Roy and Harold's platoon comes running toward the reviewing stand, guns held over their heads, screaming like banshees.

CUT TO:

141 STELLA AND LOUISE 141

STELLA
Look! Here they come!

LOUISE
Oh, God, they're attacking the reviewing stand.

CUT TO:

142 ROY AND HAROLD'S PLATOON 142

They stop suddenly in front of the reviewing stand, in perfect formation.

CUT TO:

143 THE REVIEWING STAND 143

BARNICKE
(to Dillman)
Who the hell are they?

DILLMAN
(embarrassed)
Uh...I guess they're some of the men, sir.

BARNICKE
I think I'd like a word with these latecomers, Captain.

DILLMAN
(nervously)
Of course, sir.

CUT TO:

144 ROY AND HAROLD'S PLATOON 144

Roy is standing at the front.

ROY
Whatever I say -- you guys say.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED 144

HAROLD
(to guys)
Whatever he says -- we say.

Dillman and the General approach and face the platoon.

BARNICKE
(to Roy)
Where the hell have you been, soldier?

ROY
(shouting)
Training, sir!!!

PLATOON
(shouting)
Training, sir!!

BARNICKE
Er... what kind of training, son?

ROY
(shouting)
Army training, sir!!

PLATOON
(shouting)
Army training, sir!!!

The platoon jumps forward in perfect synchronization and performs an elaborate, high-energy rifle drill. They leap, shout, present arms, shoulder weapons, and then spin their rifles in the air, catching them perfectly. Dropping to their knees in perfect formation, the men aim their guns and FIRE.

CUT TO:

145 THE REVIEWING STAND 145

The RIFLE FIRE splinters the wood around the reviewing stand and puts a VOLLEY OF BULLETS into the marching band, knocking off their hats. The band scatters.

CUT TO:

146 STELLA AND LOUISE 146

They are amazed at this incredible display.

CUT TO:

147 ROY AND HAROLD'S PLATOON 147

BARNICKE
(amazed)
I... I see. Where's your drill sergeant, men?

ROY
(shouts)
Blown up, sir!

PLATOON
(shouts)
Blown up, sir!!

DILLMAN
(to General)
Oh, yes. That's right. These are Sergeant Hulka's men, sir. He was injured during basic training, sir.

BARNICKE
(to Roy)
I see. So, am I to understand that you men completed your training on your own?

ROY
Yes, sir!!

PLATOON
(shouting)
Yes, sir!!

BARNICKE
(to himself)
Incredible!

The General's jeep drives up.

JEEP DRIVER
(to General)
Uh... sir. We've got two more reviews this afternoon, sir.

BARNICKE
Yes. Yes.
(to platoon)
You men are U.S. soldiers. You
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED 147

BARNICKE (CONTD)
have shown initiative in the face of adversity.
(turning to Dillman)
Captain, these are exactly the kind of go-getters I want working on my EM-50 project in Italy.

DILLMAN
Uh... but, sir... These men...

BARNICKE
Don't 'but' me, Captain. I want them on the plane tonight! See to it.

He climbs into the jeep.

BARNICKE
(to Jeep Driver)
Let's get the hell out of here.

The jeep drives off fast as Captain Dillman looks on, dumb-founded.

148 EXT. MILITARY AIRFIELD - ITALY - NIGHT 148

A SUBTITLE appears on the SCREEN:

"Fort Milano -- U.S. Army Post

-- Italy"

as an Air Force transport plane lands. The tired soldiers emerge and descend down a ramp where they are directed into waiting Army buses.

149 EXT. ITALIAN BARRACKS - NIGHT 149

The bus pulls to a stop in front of the barracks and Roy, Harold and the rest of the exhausted soldiers drag their bags inside.

OX
I can't wait to hit those restaurants. I can already smell the Parmesan cheese.

ROY
That's Cruiser's underwear.

150 INT. BARRACKS 150

The guys start choosing bunks, fighting for the best ones and horsing around, when suddenly a familiar voice booms out.

HULKA
(off-screen)
Buona sera, gentlemen.
Welcome to Italy.

The soldiers turn and stare in surprise.

HAROLD
I've heard that voice before.

151 HULKA 151

He stands there looking meaner than ever, wearing lots of bandages and an eye patch.

ROY
Not again.

HULKA
We'll just skip the tearful reunion and get a couple of things straight right off the bat. This is no glamor detail as far as I'm concerned. I want to see you grunts walking tall, lookin' good and mentally alert at all times. And I'm gonna bust your butts to make this the best goddam outfit in the European command. Now fall out, hit the sack and report to the motor pool at 0600!
(he exits and slams the door behind him)

CUT TO:

152 EXT. FORT MILANO - MORNING 152

Reveille plays over the loudspeakers as the sun shines on the picturesque Italian countryside surrounding the base. *

153 EXT. MOTOR POOL - MORNING 153

Two armed M.P.'s stand guard in front of the motor pool entrance. Above them hangs a sign which reads:

"PROJECT EM-50

AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL ONLY"

154 INT. MOTOR POOL - MORNING 154

Hulka is standing in front of what appears to be a 26 foot camper van. Roy and Harold's platoon is lined up facing him -- buzzing with excitement.

HULKA
Quiet!
(starting to pace)
Now this is General Barnicke's pet project -- the prototype EM-50 Urban Assault Vehicle -- the most sophisticated weapon in our modern arsenal.

CUT TO:

155 THE PLATOON 155

HECTOR
Looks like my cousin Manuel's Winnebago.

CUT BACK TO:

156 SERGEANT HULKA 156

HULKA
Button it up! In exactly three weeks the General's flying a bunch of big shots in from Washington to watch the EM-50 do its stuff. At that time you'll be expected to load, drive and fire this thing in a simulated combat situation.

CUT TO:

157 LEON 157

LEON
Al-right!

CUT BACK TO:

158 HULKA 158

HULKA
Now get over to the duty roster and find your starting assignments. Move!

DISSOLVE TO:

159 INT. MOTOR POOL - DUSK 159

The platoon is busy cleaning and polishing the EM-50. They look exhausted. Roy and Harold are each carrying big shells toward the vehicle, as Hulka comes over.

HULKA
Platoon fall in!

The platoon jumps in line.

HULKA
(continuing; to platoon)
I need a couple of volunteers...
(pointing to Harold and Roy)
...you and you. After you get those shells loaded, vacuum out the inside -- top to bottom.
(to platoon)
The rest of you men are dismissed until oh-eight hundred Monday morning.

The platoon cheers as they run off.

HULKA
(continuing; to Roy and Harold)
Before you two leave I want this thing so clean you can eat off the floor. Now get movin'.

Hulka leaves.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED 159

ROY
(grumbling)
I bet that son-of-a-bitch does eat off the floor.

Harold opens the side of the vehicle and carefully lifts his shell into a rack. The interior of the vehicle is covered with complicated equipment including a large control panel with built-in video screen.

ROY
(struggling with shell)
I've had enough of this shit.

He drops his shell on the ground.

HAROLD
What's the matter with you?

ROY
What's the matter with me? I hate this. It's the worst job I've ever had.

HAROLD
Well I'm happy. I'm in shape. I'm walkin' tall. And I've been in it for ten weeks without getting fired.

ROY
Harold, you sound like a goddamn commercial. What we are here is slaves.

He gives the shell on the ground a kick and it starts to slowly roll across the room. Harold watches as the rolling shell hits the wall with a loud clang, and stops.

HAROLD
You better go get that shell.

ROY
(saluting)
Oh, yes sir, Harold. Yes, sir.

Roy, pissed off, starts walking toward the shell.

ROY
(continuing)
I just wasn't meant for this kind of menial labor. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED 159

ROY (CONTD)
(picking up shell and carrying it back)
I'm an intellectual. I should be in Rome or Florence looking at statues of naked women.

He heaves his shell into the EM-50 where it lands NOISILY.

HAROLD
Your problem is that you're frustrated. You need affection. We're off until Monday. Why don't we go into town tonight?

ROY
The only girls in town are nuns. I just don't have the stamina to date nuns, Harold.

HAROLD
So what do you suggest?

Roy looks over at the EM-50, then back to Harold. Then both Harold and Roy look over at the EM-50.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 EXT. FORT MILANO MOTOR POOL - NIGHT 160

Captain Dillman's Alfa-Romeo pulls up in front of the armed guard. The Captain gets out and escorts a RED-HEAD over to the entrance.

GIRL
Don't forget. You promised to take me out for a real expensive dinner after we see this whatever it is.

DILLMAN
Don't worry.

They walk towards the GUARD.

DILLMAN
(whispering to Girl)
Now this is a top-secret military vehicle. So you can't tell anyone about it, okay?

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED 160

GIRL
(licking Dillman's ear)
Not unless they torture me.

DILLMAN
(showing Guard photo-tag)
Official business.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS as he escorts the Girl into the motor pool.

161 INT. MOTOR POOL - SAME TIME 161

DILLMAN
(escorting Girl)
When the Army entrusts an important project like this to an officer, it usually means they're grooming him for a major promotion...

He opens the door to the EM-50 assembly room and gestures for her to go in.

DILLMAN
(continuing)
I think you're really going to like this.

Smiling like an expectant father, Dillman follows her in. As he looks around the empty room, his smile slowly turns into a grimace, then a frown. A cold shudder grips his entire body and his face turns bright red, then purple. He starts to shake.

GIRL
(backing away)
Hey, you're not one of those epileptics or something, are you?

162 EXT. MOTOR POOL ENTRANCE - SAME TIME 162

DILLMAN (V.O.)
(screaming)
Where the fuck's my truck!!!?

He rushes out of the motor pool and grabs the Guard around the neck.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED 162

DILLMAN
(continuing)
Where is the EM-50?!??

GUARD
(choking)
Uh... a couple of soldiers took it out to get it washed, sir.

DILLMAN
(shaking Guard)
Took it out to get it washed!!!??!

The Girl comes out of the motor pool.

GIRL
(to Dillman)
Is there a bathroom around here? I gotta pee.

GUARD
(gagging)
They had proper I.D., sir. Should I notify Post Security, sir?

DILLMAN
(letting go of Guard's neck)
No! Keep your mouth shut about this. And don't let anyone into this area. Not even the General.

GUARD
Yes, sir!

Dillman pulls the Girl back to his car.

GIRL
(getting in)
Big deal. So someone took your stupid truck.

Dillman angrily slams the car door shut.

CUT TO:

163 INT. EM-50 - NIGHT 163

Roy is driving while Harold reads the EM-50 instruction manual, his feet up on the dash.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED 163

HAROLD
(reading manual)
Hey, this thing's supposed to have a phone.

ROY
Great. We can tell the girls we're coming up.

Harold swivels in his chair and slides open a panel exposing a video screen mounted in a complicated control panel.

HAROLD
(looking in manual)
It should be this button... here.

He pushes a button.

CUT TO:

164 EXT. EM-50 - SAME TIME 164

A SHELL FIRES from the top of the truck, BLOWING UP a roadside billboard reading: "KEEP YOUR HIGHWAYS CLEAN" in Italian.

CUT BACK TO:

165 INT. EM-50 - SAME TIME 165

HAROLD
(looking in manual)
Or maybe it's this one...

He pushes another button and a red phone pops out next to him.

HAROLD
(continuing; to Roy)
Found it.

He picks up the receiver.

HAROLD
(continuing)
It doesn't have a dial...

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED 165

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(over phone)
Priority five.

HAROLD
(into phone)
Hello?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Priority five. Go ahead, sir.

HAROLD
Uh... I'd like to call Germany.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
This is a priority line.
Please identify yourself, sir.

HAROLD
(covering receiver)
They wanna know who I am.

ROY
Tell them you're somebody important.

Harold thinks for a moment.

HAROLD
(into phone)
This is the director of the C.I.A.
Get me Germany immediately or thousands of innocent people will die and it'll all be your fault.

Roy gives Harold the A-okay sign.

166 INT. STELLA AND LOUISE'S ROOM - GERMANY - NIGHT 166

A number of female soldiers are walking past the door in various stages of undress as one of them, TRIXIE, walks in.

TRIXIE
Hey, I've got three gorgeous Marines on hold for tonight.
You two interested?

STELLA
No, thanks. Those Marines won't take "No" for an answer.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED 166

TRIXIE
(walking off)
I just say "yes" and get it over with.

STELLA
(calls out)
You're a real morale booster, Trix.

Suddenly, a fortyish FEMALE SERGEANT comes in carrying some papers.

FEMALE SERGEANT
(to Stella and Louise)
There's a change in orders for you two.
(reading from papers)
You're to report to the Chateau Von Hapsburg on Autoroute sixty-seven and meet with some agents from the CIA.

STELLA
The CIA?

FEMALE SERGEANT
Yeah, it just came in over the priority line -- must be pretty important.

She hands the papers to Stella and Louise and leaves.

STELLA
(looking at papers)
Wait a minute...It says here we're assigned to 'Operation Harold'.

LOUISE
I don't believe it.

STELLA
Those guys really know how to sweep a girl off her feet.

167 EXT. MOTOR POOL - DAWN 167

Sergeant Hulka's platoon is scrambling around loading rifles, grenades and boxes of explosives into a German Coca Cola truck. They are all dressed like German hunters, wearing liederhosen, hats with feathers and hiking boots.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED 167

OX
(climbing into truck)
I don't know why we have to wear these stupid outfits.

HECTOR
Captain Dillman's orders.

CUT TO:

168 FRONT OF TRUCK 168

Dillman, also dressed in liederhosen, is shouting orders.

DILLMAN
(to men)
Get those bazookas loaded! We may have to get rough.

Sergeant Hulka approaches, also dressed like a German hunter.

DILLMAN
(to Hulka)
We traced the EM-50 into Germany. They're probably heading straight for East Berlin.

HULKA
Sir, if you want my advice, there's a crack squad from the Forty-Second that'd link up with Air Recon and have the EM-50 back here inside of twenty-four hours.

DILLMAN
No, dammit! If we went to outside units, we'd be the laughing stock of the entire armed forces. No, we're going to have to deal with this ourselves.

HULKA
But these numb-nuts can hardly tie their shoelaces.

(OVER)

168 CONTINUED 168

DILLMAN
I don't care, Sergeant! Just get them into the truck and let's move out!

169 THE TRUCK 169

Psycho, Ox and Cruiser are standing around the tailgate, confused.

CRUISER
I guess we're going after Winger and Harold. I can't believe they're Russian spies.

PSYCHO
Finally I get to kill someone.

OX
They really had me fooled. I shoulda known, though. Winger don't speak English good at all.

170 INT. LOBBY OF THE CHATEAU VON HAPSBURG - GERMANY - DUSK 170

Stella and Louise are looking out the front window of this luxurious European chateau.

LOUISE
(checking her watch)
You think they got lost?

STELLA
Calm down, Louise. We hardly know these guys.

LOUISE
I'm excited, okay?

CUT TO:

171 GIRLS' POV 171

The EM-50 pulls up front.

CUT BACK TO:

172 STELLA AND LOUISE 172

LOUISE
This might be them now.

STELLA
Okay, but don't seem over-anxious.

LOUISE
It is them.

The girls bolt out of the chateau.

STELLA
You made it!

They run up to the EM-50 and embrace Roy and Harold.

STELLA
(continuing; hugging Roy)
I missed you so much.

CUT TO:

173 LOUISE AND HAROLD 173

They are embracing passionately.

HAROLD
Sorry we're late. When we got to the German border, it turned out to be France.

174 INT. COCA COLA TRUCK - SAME TIME 174

Hector is driving; Dillman is beside him, navigating from a map, while Hulka looks over his shoulder.

HECTOR
Can't see a thing up ahead, sir.

DILLMAN
Just keep driving. The cut-off should be up here on the right somewhere.

HULKA
Captain, if we turn right, we'll be heading toward...

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED 174

DILLMAN
Sergeant Hulka, when I want your input, I'll let you know.

175 EXT. GERMAN SIDE ROAD - SAME TIME 175

The Coca Cola truck passes a rain-soaked sign which reads:

"CZECHOSLOVAKIA - Verboten - 500m"

CUT TO:

176 INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - CHATEAU VON HAPSBURG - NIGHT 176

Roy and Stella are lying side by side under the silk and satin covers of a large canopied bed.

STELLA
This is so nice. My father was here during the war.

ROY
In this bed?

Stella gives him a look.

ROY
(continuing)
My dad wanted to join the army, but they wouldn't take him.

STELLA
Why not?

ROY
His head was too big -- so he opened up a grocery store. Lost everything trying to corner the market on pomegranates. But enough about me. Let's talk about your body.

He rolls over and kisses her.

STELLA
When do you guys have to go back?

ROY
Well, we kinda left it loose -- but if we don't bring the truck
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED 176

ROY (CONTD)
back by eight A.M. Monday morning we'll be court-martialled and thrown into prison for the rest of our adolescence.

STELLA
(moving closer)
Well that doesn't give us much time...

They kiss.

177 INT. HAROLD AND LOUISE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 177

Harold and Louise are kissing in a TIGHT CLOSEUP. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show them in a bubble bath together.

LOUISE
Mmm. I'm so happy.

HAROLD
Yeah... Y'know when I first met you I kind of thought you would be a lot different - tougher.

LOUISE
Oh, c'mon. What made you think that?

HAROLD
Well, for one thing, the fact that you wear a gun.

LOUISE
The gun's just part of the uniform, like the helmet or the boots.

HAROLD
But I wasn't afraid of getting shot by your boots. What'd you think of me?

LOUISE
The first time we met? I thought you were kind of fucked up.

HAROLD
And now?

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED 177

LOUISE
I still think you're fucked up, Harold, but you're so cute!
(they kiss and slip under the water)

178 INT. CZECHOSLOVAKIAN BORDER GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT 178

Two Russian BORDER GUARDS are relaxing and playing checkers as the storm continues outside.

BORDER GUARD #1
(Russian with subtitles)
I would not send my grandmother out on a night like this.

BORDER GUARD #2
(Russian with subtitles)
Yes. Unless I needed some wood from the woodshed.

They laugh heartily. Suddenly, there is a LOUD CRASH outside. Running to the window, they see Dillman's Coca-Cola truck smashing through the barrier into Communist Czechoslovakia.

BORDER GUARD #1
(subtitles)
Intruders!

He sounds an ALARM while the other Guard picks up a field telephone and alerts headquarters.

179 INT. COCA-COLA TRUCK - SAME TIME 179

HECTOR
(driving)
Uh...Sir. I think we hit something.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED 179

DILLMAN
Just keep driving, soldier.

HULKA
(losing patience)
For Chrissakes, Captain, we just drove through a goddamn...

DILLMAN
(snapping)
Sergeant, this is my mission! And I'll thank you to let me run it. Now sit down!

Hulka picks up his gear and moves to the back of the truck.

HULKA
Fuck this.

He jumps out.

CUT TO:

180 EXT. CZECH ROAD - SAME TIME 180

Sergeant Hulka picks himself up out of the mud, grabs his gear and makes his way up a hillside.

CUT TO:

181 THE COCA-COLA TRUCK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER 181

It brakes to a stop in front of a wall of Russian tanks.

DILLMAN (V.O.)
What is the meaning of this? Who put those tanks there?

HECTOR (V.O.)
I think they're Russian, sir.

DILLMAN (V.O.)
...Russian?

Floodlights illuminate the roadway as armed Russian soldiers surround them.

CUT TO:

182 A NEARBY HILL 182

Hulka looks down at the captured truck.

HULKA
Stupid asshole.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

183 EXT. CHATEAU VON HAPSBURG - NEXT MORNING 183

Roy, Harold, Stella and Louise come out of the lodge carrying their suitcases. As they enter the EM-50, a loud BEEPING SOUND can be heard.

HAROLD
Oh, no. The army traced us.
We're gonna be court-martialled.

STELLA
It's coming from over here.

She opens a compartment marked "EMERGENCY COMMUNICATIONS" and presses a button next to a flashing red light. A voice comes over the speaker.

HULKA (V.O.)
Mayday. Code 21. Status 7.
Mayday. Code 21. Status 7.

STELLA
(into radio)
Go ahead, Code 21.

HULKA (V.O.)
I'm with the U.S. Army, Forty-First Armored Division -- Bravo Company. We have a status seven operation with a platoon and CO held by hostile enemy at coordinates four-one-six three nine-seven... *

A transparent map-grid appears over the blip on the radar screen.

CUT TO:

184 LOUISE 184

LOUISE
I don't believe it! This is the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED 184

LOUISE (CONTD)
EM-50. It cost the army over ten million dollars.

CUT TO:

185 STELLA 185

She tries to pinpoint the radio frequency

HULKA (V.O.)
...Russian troops, maybe two hundred... fortified compound... anti-aircraft coverage... tank patrols... Gotta move now. Send help!

The transmission CLICKS off.

STELLA
(looking at grid)
Three-nine-seven... that's Czechoslavakia!

HAROLD
Wait a minute... Forty-First Armored?

STELLA
Yeah. Bravo Company.

HAROLD
That's our platoon!

STELLA
Well, they're fucked.

LOUISE
If this is a Status Seven like he said, they went in undercover, so the D.O.D. won't even acknowledge it.

STELLA
Those guys are dead.

There is silence. Everyone looks at each other, then at the EM-50. A long beat.

ROY
(slowly realizing)
Ohhh no! I'm not going in after
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED 185

ROY (CONTD)
them. For four sixty-three a month, I don't fight Russians unless there's a war.

Everyone just looks at him.

ROY
(continuing)
Look, since I was a kid I was taught that there were two things I should never do -- kill or die. Now I might compromise on killing, but dying's out.

HAROLD
There's no way you're gonna die. We've got the EM-50. I've been reading the manual. A six-year-old could work it.

ROY
Forget it, Harold.

The girls just stare at him.

HAROLD
That's our platoon in there. It's Ox and Leon and Cruiser and all the guys. And we're the only chance they've got.

ROY
Well, they forgot the first rule of modern defensive warfare -- stay out of Communist countries.

Roy looks at Stella, who looks very disappointed in him. Louise and Harold just stare at him for a long beat.

ROY
Okay, okay. I'll go. But if we die, I want to go down on record as saying that I think it's a senseless waste of human life.

He starts the EM-50 and it roars off.

186 INT. RUSSIAN HOLDING CELL - DAY 186

Captain Dillman and the platoon, still dressed in their "Happy Wanderer" costumes, are sitting on a

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED 186

bench at one end of the cell. Two Russian Officers stand in the corner.

OFFICER #1
(Russian with
English subtitles)
They say they are German hunters, but they were driving a Coca-Cola truck and speak no German.

OFFICER #2
(Russian with
subtitles)
Take the smallest and torture him until he tells the truth.

Officer #1 motions to two guards who grab Hector and drag him from the room.

187 EXT. BORDER GUARD HOUSE - DAY 187

The two Russian Border Guards are completing the repairs to their damaged gates. Hearing an APPROACHING VEHICLE, they look up.

CUT TO:

188 ROADWAY 188

The EM-50 SQUEALS around a corner and heads straight for the Czechoslavakian border crossing. The guards jump out of the way as the van crashes through the barrier.

189 EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING RUSSIAN-CZECH MILITARY COMPOUND - DAY 189

A tired and unshaven Sergeant Hulka is using his combat helmet as a frying pan to cook up some squirrel stew. Hearing a VEHICLE in the distance, he picks up his binoculars and looks through them.

CUT TO:

190 HULKA'S POV 190

Through his binoculars we see the EM-50 racing toward a military installation.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED 190

The compound has fortified walls which surround a main building, and guard towers raising up on either side of the main gates. The EM-50 is about three hundred yards away, and closing fast.

CUT TO:

191 INSIDE EM-50 191

Roy is driving as Harold sits in front of the control panel furiously reading the instruction manual.

HAROLD
...raise the hydraulic armatures H-12 and H-13

ROY
Read faster, Harold.

HAROLD
...depress main arming switch...

CUT TO:

192 THE COMPOUND ENTRANCE 192

SIRENS are BLARING as the Russian soldiers take battle stations. From the twin guard towers they OPEN FIRE on the EM-50 with grenade launchers and bazookas.

CUT TO:

193 INSIDE THE EM-50 193

The EXPLODING SHELLS rock the vehicle and raise clouds of dust and smoke in front of the windshield.

ROY
I think they're pissed off.
(to Harold)
Come on, Harold. Blast 'em.

CUT TO:

194 HAROLD 194

Harold sits in front of the video screen which shows a computer outline of the two guard towers. He flexes his fingers like a gunfighter waiting to draw. Suddenly, he pulls a lever, throws a switch and presses two buttons.

CUT TO:

195 OUTSIDE THE EM-50 195

The vehicle arms itself, exposing two huge missile clusters on the roof and flame throwers over the wheels. Bullet-proof shields slide down to cover the windows.

CUT BACK TO:

196 HAROLD 196

He looks around, then with increasing confidence, he pushes two more buttons.

197 OUTSIDE THE EM-50 197

Two ROCKETS FIRE out of the missile cluster.

CUT TO:

198 THE COMPOUND ENTRANCE 198

The ROCKETS hit the two guard towers perfectly, BLASTING them apart and clearing the entranceway.

CUT TO:

199 HILL OVERLOOKING COMPOUND 199

HULKA
(looking through binoculars)
Way to go!!!

He quickly starts gathering up his gear.

CUT TO:

200 INSIDE THE EM-50 200

LOUISE
(hugging Harold)
You did it!

ROY
Couple of more like that and you win a free game.

Roy gets up from the driver's seat, keeping his hands on the wheel.

ROY
(to Louise)
Here, take over.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED 200

Louise slides in and grabs the steering wheel while Roy moves to the rear with Stella.

201 INT. RUSSIAN HOLDING CELL - DAY 201

The Russian Guards throw Hector, bruised and bloodied, onto the floor.

OFFICER #1
(Russian with subtitles)
This one knows nothing.
(pointing to Cruiser)
Take him.

The two Russian guards grab a terrified Cruiser and drag him from the room.

202 EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD - SAME TIME 202

A Russian tank is in hot pursuit of the EM-50, FIRING SHELLS point blank, rocking the van violently.

CUT TO:

203 INSIDE EM-50 203

LOUISE
(trying to steer clear)
Do something, Harold!

HAROLD
I think I'm starting to get the hang of this.

His hands fly over the complex control panel, working instinctively.

CUT TO:

204 OUTSIDE THE EM-50 204

A big shell FIRES out of the rear of the vehicle, BLASTING the treads off the pursuing tank. Then the EM-50 skids sharply around a corner and stops in front of the main building. The rear doors open and Roy and Stella jump out in full combat gear. Rolling onto the ground, they toss GRENADES into a barred window, BLASTING it apart.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED 204

ROY
(gesturing to Stella)
Ladies first.

They dive through the gaping hole.

205 INT. HALLWAY INSIDE COMPOUND - SAME TIME 205

Roy and Stella come in through the shattered wall and look both ways down the long hallway.

STELLA
What do you think?

A dozen Russian troops appear at one end of the hall and raise their machine guns.

ROY
(pointing the other way)
How about this way?

As they take off down the hall, Stella spins and SHOOTS a BURST of machine GUN FIRE into an overhead steam pipe. Scalding hot steam pours into the hallway, stopping the Russians. Roy is impressed.

206 EXT. ROOF OF COMPOUND - SAME TIME 206

A Russian officer looks down into the courtyard, watching as the EM-50 buzzes from one area to another. Turning to his men, he hurries them as they struggle to re-aim an enormous long-range cannon so that it points down towards the EM-50.

207 INT. COMPOUND CORRIDOR - DAY 207

Roy and Stella round a corner and stop.

STELLA
Shhh...

They hear PUNCHES and SCREAMS from behind a door.

CRUISER (V.O.)
(screaming)
I'm not tellin' you nothing! You can beat me as much as you want!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED 207

CRUISER (V.O.) (CONTD)
(more punches)
Okay, I changed my mind!

Roy nods and they both burst through the door.

208 INT. CELL BLOCK - SAME TIME 208

Inside, the two Russian officers are standing over a bruised and bloodied Cruiser. Stella expertly kicks a blackjack out of one of the officer's hands and Karate chops him while Roy butts his rifle into the other one's stomach, then into his face.

ROY
(looking down at Cruiser)
Ugh! You look worse than usual.

STELLA
(to Cruiser)
Where are the others?

He points across the room to a heavy metal door. Stella runs over and slaps some plastic explosive on the door and shoves in the detonator. They both press their backs against the wall as the EXPLOSION shakes the room. Through the smoke, we see that the metal door stands intact, undamaged.

ROY
Jeez. Tough door.

Suddenly the door handle turns and the door CREAKS open.

DILLMAN
(sticking his head out)
What's going on out here?
(seeing Roy)
What are you doing here?

ROY
Saving your ass, Dillman.
(to platoon)
Let's go, guys.

DILLMAN
(to men)
You men stay put.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED 208

DILLMAN (CONTD)
(to Roy and Stella)
I'm in charge here.

ROY
Ever hear of mutiny?
(to platoon)
Let's move out!

The platoon follows immediately. Psycho salutes as he runs past Dillman.

PSYCHO
It's been a pleasure working with you, sir.

Dillman looks around as he hears a group of Russian soldiers entering the cell block from the other side. Then he runs to catch up to his platoon.

DILLMAN
(shouting)
Keep it moving up there!

CUT TO:

209 EXT. ROOF OF COMPOUND - SAME TIME 209

The Russian officer looks through the sights of the big cannon.

CUT TO:

210 CANNON'S POV 210

The EM-50 is directly in the cross-hairs.

CUT TO:

211 THE RUSSIAN OFFICER 211

He calls out a command and his men FIRE.

CUT TO:

212 THE COURTYARD 212

The EM-50 pulls away as the SHELL EXPLODES just behind it, blowing a huge hole in the ground. The force of the explosion rocks the van.

213 INT. EM-50 - SAME TIME 213

Harold falls on the floor, but Louise manages to hang onto the wheel.

LOUISE
What was that?

HAROLD
Felt like an earthquake.

214 EXT. ROOF OF COMPOUND - SAME TIME 214

The officer curses angrily as his men load another enormous shell into the breach.

215 EXT. LANEWAY BETWEEN COMPOUND BUILDING - DAY 215

Roy and Stella lead Dillman and the platoon out of a building and into an alleyway. Suddenly they freeze in their tracks.

STELLA
Uh-oh.

In front of them, a large tank rounds the corner and enters the passageway, coming straight for them, its sides scraping against the walls as it closes in.

ROY
Now that's what I call a big tank. How come we don't have tanks like that?

They turn to run but see only a dead-end behind them.

The platoon backs up. Stella FIRES her MACHINE GUN at it but it doesn't even slow down.

DILLMAN
It's going to crush us.
(pointing to Roy)
I hold you personally responsible.

Suddenly Psycho steps to the front.

PSYCHO
Excuse me, everyone. Out of the way, please.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED 215

He walks forward holding several lit sticks of dynamite. The platoon hits the deck as Psycho stands alone facing the on-coming tank.

PSYCHO
(continuing; insanely)
Eat this, fuckheads!!!

He heaves the dynamite at the tank. It hits, EXPLODING violently. The tank stops.

Psycho smiles, turns to the platoon and bows. Suddenly the tank rumbles back to life and continues to come towards them.

PSYCHO
(continuing; looking at tank)
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

216 THE PLATOON 216

Closing their eyes, they say their final prayers.

CUT TO:

217 THE TANK 217

It keeps coming, its turret gun aiming, just about to fire. Suddenly the tank EXPLODES into a million pieces.

CUT TO:

218 THE PLATOON 218

They look up

CUT TO:

219 THE END OF THE ALLEY 219

Through the smoke we see the EM-50 standing at the alley entrance. Harold and Louise stick their heads out.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED 219

HAROLD
(to platoon)
Hurry up. We're out of missiles.

The platoon cheers as they scramble over the rubble towards the van.

220 EXT. ROOF OF COMPOUND - SAME TIME 220

Through the cross-hairs of the cannon, we see the platoon scrambling into the EM-50.

CUT TO:

221 THE RUSSIAN OFFICER 221

He raises his hand, ready to fire.

CUT TO:

222 ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOF 222

Sergeant Hulka, a grenade in his teeth, pulls himself one-handedly onto the roof. Two Russian soldiers try to stop him, but he elbows one in the face and kicks the other in the balls. He then pulls the pin from his grenade and lobs it at the cannon, just as the Russian officer gives the command to fire. The GRENADE EXPLODES, knocking the gun out of position. The huge shell SHOOTS out into the air.

223 EXT. BORDER GUARD POST - SAME TIME 223

The two Russian Border Guards have just completed repairing and reinforcing their gate with heavy iron rods and chains.

BORDER GUARD #1
(Russian with subtitles)
I have not worked so hard since Siberia.

BORDER GUARD #2
(Russian with subtitles)
Labor camp?

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED 223

BORDER GUARD #1
(Russian with subtitles)
No, just vacationing.

Hearing a strange WHOOSHING SOUND, the two Guards look up and see the big shell heading straight for them.

GUARDS
Whoooooaahh!!!

They run like hell to get out of the way. The missile lands directly on the guard hut, demolishing everything within a thirty-yard radius. All that is left is a huge gaping crater.

224 EXT. EM-50 - SAME TIME 224

Roy and Stella are the last to jump into the van. They slam the doors shut.

STELLA (V.O.)
Okay! Move out!

The vehicle roars away.

225 EXT. ROOF OF COMPOUND - SAME TIME 225

Sergeant Hulka sees the EM-50 driving past.

HULKA
(to himself)
I'm getting too old for this.

He leaps from the roof, landing squarely on the top of the truck.

226 EXT. CZECH BORDER CROSSING - DAY 226

One of the Russian Guards is pulling the other Guard out of the crater. Hearing an approaching VEHICLE, they turn their heads.

CUT TO:

227 THE EM-50 227

LOUISE
Hang on!

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED 227

She floors it.

CUT TO:

228 TOP OF EM-50 228

Sergeant Hulka grabs the missile cluster and holds on for dear life.

HULKA
Oh shiiittt!!!

CUT TO:

229 THE CRATER 229

The two Guards jump back into the hole as the EM-50 hits a pile of rubble at full speed and sails gracefully over the crater, landing with a bounce on the other side.

CUT TO:

230 THE BORDER GUARDS 230

They look on in amazement.

GUARD #1
(Russian with subtitles)
A flying truck!

GUARD #2
(Russian with subtitles)
Such a truck would be very good for picking up girls in Minsk.

CUT TO:

231 THE EM-50 231

The platoon yells and cheers as the van speeds safely away.

DISSOLVE TO:

232 EXT. FORT MILANO, ITALY - DAY 232

A subtitle APPEARS on the SCREEN:

"FORT MILANO, ITALY"

233 INT. GENERAL BARNICKE'S OFFICE - FORT MILANO, ITALY 233
- DAY

General Barnicke is sitting behind his desk, listening as Captain Dillman gives his report. Roy, Harold, Stella, Louise and Sergeant Hulka are standing nervously behind Dillman

DILLMAN
(reading)
...and it is my opinion, sir, that these men have committed the gravest of treasonous acts against the United States of America, and should suffer the harshest possible punishment under military law.

Dillman places his report on the General's desk. The General looks at the report for a moment, then raises his head.

BARNICKE
(to Hulka)
Tell me, Sergeant Hulka, in your opinion, how did the vehicle stand up to the Russian firepower?

HULKA
We kicked the shit outta them, sir.

BARNICKE
(nodding)
Good.
(to Harold)
And how'd it handle, soldier?

HAROLD
Not bad. But she's a real pig on gas.

DILLMAN
Sir, I think we're missing the point here. The issue is not how the EM-50 handles, but how these men attempted to take...

BARNICKE
(loud)
I've heard enough from you, Lieutenant Dillman!

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED 233

DILLMAN
Uh - that's Captain Dillman, sir.

BARNICKE
Not anymore it isn't.
(turning to Stella, Louise, Roy and Harold)
And as for you, I think you showed courage and initiative in a particularly difficult situation. The Army owes you a great debt.

ROY
Do you think we could collect on some of that now? We're getting a little low on cash.

DISSOLVE TO:

234 ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY 234

A subtitle:

"WASHINGTON, D.C."

APPEARS on the SCREEN as an air force jet lands on the runway.

CUT TO:

235 HATCH DOOR 235

As the hatch door opens, the CAMERA PULLS BACK to show photographers, TV news camera and a marching band gathered around the ramp. Behind them, policemen hold back an excited crowd.

Flashbulbs pop and the BAND starts to PLAY as General Barnicke gets out, followed by Stella, Louise, Roy and Harold, wearing medals.

(CONTINUED)

235A HONOR GUARD 235A

Ox, Leon, Elmo, Hector, Cruiser and Psycho are waiting at the bottom of the ramp in full dress uniforms standing rigidly at attention.

OX
(very military)
Honor guard -- Preseent - harms!

The guys try to present arms but screw up with characteristic incompetence, accidentally poking each other, dropping their rifles and helmets, etc.

235B ROY AND BARNICKE 235B

ROY
(explaining)
They've been trained to self-destruct on command.

They walk on, waving to the cheering crowd. Roy, Harold, Stella and Louise climb into a waiting limousine.

236 INSIDE LIMOUSINE 236

Stella leans forward and taps the driver's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED 236

ROY
(to driver)
The White House. And step on it.

CUT TO:

237 OUTSIDE LIMOUSINE 237

The limo pulls away through the cheering crowd.

238 INT. THE LIMOUSINE 238

HAROLD
Well, only nine hundred and twelve days left in our hitch. Shouldn't we be making plans for when we get out? *

ROY
Well I was figuring either brain surgery, or the Senate.

STELLA
Take brain surgery, you need it!

LOUISE
You could try the Navy next.

HAROLD
Forget it. I can't swim.

ROY
So what? You're a hero. I'll teach you to walk on the water.

STELLA
Kiss me. I never made out in a limousine before.

(Roy and Stella kiss.)

The conversation continues as a series of newspaper front pages with pictures of Roy and Harold on them SPIN FORWARD to FILL THE SCREEN.

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS
"U.S. SOLDIERS RESCUE BUDDIES"

NEW YORK TIMES
"HEROES RETURN TO U.S."

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED 238

WASHINGTON POST
"SOLDIERS GREETED AT WHITE HOUSE"

HOLLYWOOD REPORTER
"COLUMBIA OFFERS $1 MILLION
FOR SOLDIERS STORY"

VARIETY
"HEROES TO STAR IN G.I. PIX"

FADE OUT.

- THE END -